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## CONTENTS.

I. COMMUNISM. By Emile de Laveleye, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . .	131
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part VI., . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i> . . .	145
III. FIELD-MARSHAL LORD NAPIER OF MAG- DALA, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	153
IV. FRENCH-ENGLISH, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	157
V. MOUNTAIN STUMPS, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	161
VI. CAN THERE BE A SCIENCE OF CHARACTER? . . .	<i>National Review,</i> . . .	167
VII. THE ANONYMA, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	173
VIII. A BATTLE DESCRIBED FROM THE RANKS, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	183
IX. WHAT IS IMPARTIALITY? . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . .	190
X. EMILY PFEIFFER, . . . . .	<i>Academy,</i> . . .	192

## POETRY.

THE DEAD HEART, . . . . .	130	IN PRAISE OF VULCAN, . . . . .	130
VERSES, . . . . .	130	PLATO TO ASTER, . . . . .	130

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## THE DEAD HEART.

(Written after seeing Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in the play of that name.)

THEY have battered the walls of his prison through,  
They have brought him forth to the free,  
glad sun,  
But he gazes round on his comrades true,  
He has forgotten them every one.  
And where is the maiden of years long fled?  
Will she not come with her smiles and tears?  
What does it matter? His heart is dead —  
Dead in the night of those eighteen years.

Hark! the din of the Carmagnole!  
The rabble have doomed her boy to die;  
Ever the laden tumbrils roll;  
God! how the moments hurry by!  
And him she had loved could set him free,  
But he will not list to her mother-tears;  
His love has fled, his heart is dead —  
Dead with the weight of those eighteen years.

The grey dawn breaks! She kneels, she prays,  
He looks in her eyes with tears all dim,  
And then — he remembers the lost sweet days,  
And the old love wakes again in him.  
"Love, let me go," he cries, "forgiven!  
Love, let my death thy boy restore;  
For what is death but the gate of heaven  
That will give thee back to my soul once more!"

Temple Bar.      **FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.**

## VERSES.

ARE your grave eyes graver growing?  
Sweetheart, may I look,  
At the mighty thoughts which move you  
In the poet's book?  
Stay not in the lazy shade,  
With the drowsy roses,  
Come into the woods and see  
Where I find my posies.

Has the buried singer left us  
Songs to make you weep?  
Are you saddened by the sorrow  
That his numbers keep?  
Or were all the songs he gave us  
Born in happy hours?  
Come with me, he found his music  
Where I find my flowers.

Where a little mossy pathway  
Lies beside the stream,  
Long ago the poet lingered;  
Sun and pale star-beam  
Touched his lips, while there he wandered,  
Summer time and spring,  
And the mighty woods and river  
Taught him how to sing.

Argosy.

**CAROLINE RADFORD.**

## IN PRAISE OF VULCAN.

## I.

## THE FORTH BRIDGE.

WHEN the wild men from Pentland's shaggy  
side  
Stared at the Fifeshire woodlands, did they  
dream  
This fiery dragon with its lungs of steam  
Would make the heaven its pathway, and  
would glide  
With cloud and sound above the wondering  
tide?  
Could they have hoped hot Haste would  
drive its team  
Straight for the gulf, and leap yon ocean  
stream,  
High o'er Inchgarvie's isle, with double  
stride?  
Nay, but the heart of iron was in the land,  
The soul of fire, the strength of lifted arm;  
The breath of wind was theirs; one thing  
alone  
They knew not — this — how God himself  
had planned  
Mortals should conquer earth, and bind  
in one  
Our broken world, with commerce for a  
charm.

## II.

## THE EIFFEL TOWER.

THE men who builded Babel, day by day  
Saw the great city less, the plains more  
wide,  
Till God sent down confusion for their  
pride,  
And tower and trench sank back to common  
clay.  
Nor better fared the men who far away  
Beheld their harbor giant o'er the tide,  
For lo! earth trembled, and the people  
cried,  
And Rhodes' Colossus crashed into the bay.  
But this transcendent tower of magic birth,  
That tames the lightning-flash and mocks  
the thunder,  
Has set a star in Heaven, — with up-  
turned eyes  
The nations meet, and pass in marvel under,  
And humbled, in the silence of surprise  
They find a long-lost language of the earth.  
Blackwood's Magazine      **H. D. RAWNSLEY.**

## PLATO TO ASTER.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς, ὡσπὴρ ἐμὸς.      Εἶδε γενομένην  
Οὐρανὸς, ὥς πολλοῖς ὁμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπων.

THY gaze is on the starry skies,  
Thou star to me.  
Would I were they, to bend unnumber'd eyes  
In gaze on thee.

**S. H. H.**

From The Contemporary Review.  
COMMUNISM.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

SINCE the great awakening of the Renaissance and the Reformation, each century has been entrusted with a special task, and with a special science to accomplish it. In the sixteenth century that science was theology, and the task it enjoined, religious reform. In the seventeenth the science was moral philosophy, and the task the Cartesian renovation of moral philosophy. The eighteenth century was given over to the study of politics, and found its correlative task in proclaiming throughout Europe those natural rights already inaugurated by the Puritans of New England. While the nineteenth century has devoted itself to political economy, and has set before itself the amelioration of the lot of the greater number.

The sixteenth century says to man: "Thou shalt no longer submit to the decisions of popes, but thyself search the Scriptures for truth." The seventeenth century says: "Thou shalt no longer bow before traditional authority, but seek out truth by the light of reason." The eighteenth century says: "Thou shalt cease to be the slave of nobles and despots who oppress thee; thou art free and sovereign." While the nineteenth century argues: "It is a grand thing to be free and sovereign, but how is it that the sovereign often starves? how is it that those who are held to be the source of power often cannot, even by hard work, provide themselves with the necessities of life?" This is the problem which now lies before us—a problem which men have endeavored to solve by books, by lectures, by rude violence, and have hitherto endeavored in vain. Yet for any fresh endeavor, for any new light upon the problem—justice among men—we must turn to that recent science, by some called political economy, by others social science, whose object is to analyze the production and distribution of wealth. When Voltaire was studying history, with Madame de Châtelet, and attempting to discover the laws which rule the rise and fall of empires, he fully realized that for his ob-

ject a knowledge of political economy was necessary, a science, at that period, barely outlined. In the present day it is sufficiently advanced to materially aid our researches with lessons from the past. All social problems are certainly not by any means new. In all ages the unequal distribution of the good things of the earth has excited the astonishment of the wise and the complaints of the poor; to some leisure, luxury, and power; to others labor, misery, and servitude. In the introduction to his excellent "*Histoire de l'Economie Politique*," Blanqui writes: "In all revolutions there are never more than two parties: those who wish to live on the produce of their own labor, and those who would live on the labor of others." This very true remark is expressed in another way by Aristotle, who says: "The weak are ever clamoring for equality and justice, the strong do not trouble themselves about the matter." It is obvious, then, that though no verdict has yet been reached, the case has been in court a long time. Inequalities date from the earliest stages of society, though the most cursory glance over history shows that it has been the constant effort of humanity to combat these inequalities, and that the effort has been increasingly successful. In our own time, however, new circumstances have arisen, which have totally changed the conditions of the fight, and of these circumstances I will mention three.

In the first place, those who live by manual labor, who were in the beginning slaves, then serfs, and are now but the "lower orders," are, theoretically at least, recognized as the equals of the non-worker, and in many countries have already legislative rights. Secondly, political economy has discovered to us the causes of inequality by explaining how wealth is distributed. Lastly, thanks to the press, and the spread of education, the workers are themselves mastering the mysteries of political economy, a weapon which will be formidable enough. These circumstances, and many others which I cannot enumerate here, endow the old problem of inequality with a gravity which it never previously possessed, and which is now appreciated by all. The problem there-

fore calls for most persevering study, for so long as the old conservative forces exhibit blind terror at all change, and the new radical spirit frets foolishly at all that is, we shall be swayed continuously between despotism and anarchy. Careful study is the more requisite, too, because no remedy has yet been found for that evil inequality, the source of which we have discovered. It is true that remedies have been invented, and each patentee, so to speak, has been convinced that his alone was the universal panacea, just as not infrequently the confidence of a raw physician is in proportion to his ignorance. Some of these remedies are worthless, but others certainly repay examination, as there is often a soul of truth in things erroneous, and one may possibly pluck out a jewel, and set it in conspicuous daylight. When the improvement of the condition of our fellow-men is at stake, attentive and patient examination becomes the strict duty of humanity. Let us, then, examine Communism, the remedy which is offered in an engaging and seemingly scientific form well calculated to seduce the public.

The importance of Communism lies in the fact, that it is specially attractive to two classes of men of mutual sympathies, reformers and workers. The former are drawn to it by a sentiment of justice; the latter by their own necessities. The two broad facts at the base of Communism which account for its persistence are, a resentment of the inequality of conditions, and a faith in the principle of universal brotherhood, a principle which is just in itself, but has unhappily been misapplied. Not in vain were the watchwords, *Equality* and *Fraternity*, sounded in the ears of enthusiasts of the new ideas; once graven in their hearts, they could not be effaced. But how are these principles to be applied? How is society to be reformed in accordance with justice? Communism is offered as the solution of this difficulty; Communism, that dream of so many great men, the indefinite organization of the earliest human societies. Its simplicity seems to make it feasible; its apparent regularity takes the imagination; its color of benevolence wins the pitiful. It is adopted without reflection, and without

knowledge; and naturally, for it necessitates neither. It is golden-mouthed, and draws delightful pictures; its descriptions are no less fascinating than its contrasts are striking; but it reasons little; it does not appeal to the intellect. Of the difficulties in the way of all economic reform it has nothing to say; it simply ignores them.

As for the workers, is it likely they would refuse to follow this path strewn with the flowers of Utopia? Their lot is often very hard, always uncertain, and appears all the harder in contrast with the luxury in their midst. The eighteenth century tells them of a time when land was unappropriated, when man was a proud free agent, virtuous and upright, earning his substance by the strength of his arms, not as a serf, or a paid servant, but as a warrior, the darling son of nature, whose exhaustless benefits he enjoyed. They are told now of a happy future, when evil shall be banished from the earth, and injustice from society, when there shall be no laws nor restraints save those of love, no limits to enjoyment but desire, no labor but such as they have taste for; when life, in a word, shall become the long and pleasant feast that poets sing of. Is it strange that they rise up and rush forward with outstretched arms, and hearts full of hope, to embrace these visions of happiness presented to their excited imaginations? They would have these dreams realities; they would make these phantom fancies texts for legislation; this happiness, of which they have caught a glimpse, they want actually to enjoy; and if society, in its present conditions, resists them, and rejects their ideal, they stand up and attack it. You may tell those who have not the wherewithal to live, that their lot is inevitable, that the majority must ever suffer so that the minority may enjoy; they will not believe you. In the heart of suffering man hope dies hard; and it is well so, for when hope is dead, what is there left but revolt?

Should you bind youth down to the present by bonds of interest or ambition, it will yet escape you, for it believes it has a mission to fulfil, a certain progress to realize. It were vain to attempt to detain

it, yet you may perhaps guide its flight. So it is useless to tell these enthusiasts of brotherhood, that humanity falls again and again into the same errors all ending in ruin. The reply will be an affirmation of indefinite perfectibility, an article of faith bequeathed to us by the eighteenth century, and an enumeration of the startling evidences of progress writ large on the page of modern history: the printing-press, and steam, religious liberty and equality before the law, the wonders of industry, and the wonders of thought. It is vain, too, to add that while we think we are advancing, we are but moving in a circle, blindly turning the treadmill of our centuries as of our lives. Their answer is: "It is true we are moving in circles, but they are the circles of a vast spiral ascent starting from the mire of the diluvian period, and reaching to that invisible sun, which Plato called Truth. Coarse clay, at the outset, we are ever perfecting ourselves, as our reason grows, and grasps new principles." It were wiser did you say to these impatient enthusiasts: "The evil is indeed great, and it becomes all lovers of justice to fight against it. Analyze it, discover its cause, that you may find also its remedy. Do not listen to the voice of instinct, about which so much is talked; it is the voice, not of mind, but of matter. Do not trust the imagination; its impressions are all embellished by the senses. Feeling will not suffice; you must have knowledge. Cease to dream, and learn to know. Your Communistic plans are merely the delusions of your heart; see if they can satisfy your reason. You desire liberty, equality, and fraternity; they would crush liberty, violate equality, and impose fraternity." This is the attitude, and the argument that I have adopted in the following pages. Before, however, putting a system to the test, it is necessary clearly to determine its nature and its object.

Communism, as generally understood, includes any and every idea of reform or social progress. Infatuated with the prevailing order of things, in this view every novelty and every pioneer of reform are tainted with this heretical Communism. It is the spirit of evil, disguised and met-

amorphosed in numberless ways. Like the recluses of the Middle Ages, these fanatical conservatives, disturbed by the phantoms of their imaginations, see the black monster everywhere. Communism is the Satan of political economy. Any intervention of the State to assist the needy classes, and to lessen social inequality, is condemned as imbued with this detestable error. Free education, public libraries, the housing of the poor, agrarian laws for Ireland, limitation of the hours of labor — all this is said to affect liberty of contract, and free competition, and to be Communism more or less pronounced, which, if once admitted, will spread throughout the body politic. But the principle of Communism, it must be remembered, is this: that the individual works for the profit of the State, to which he hands over the produce of his labor for equal division among all; so that all shall receive the same amount of wages, or rather remuneration corresponding to their requirements. The maxim which sums up the whole system is well known: *From each according to his strength, to each according to his needs*, as in the case of a family. This is the basis of the social order advocated by Mr. Bellamy. Communism must not be confused with collectivism. In the collectivist system, all the materials of production belong to the State, but the production itself is in the hands of co-operative societies, under hierarchical rule, each man being paid in proportion to his labor. Such a system may offer egregious difficulties, but, as it admits of the incentive of individual interest, it is not of itself an impossibility. In Belgium the State holds and works the railways, in Prussia, many mines and collieries, and in France, the forests. There is nothing to object to in the principle of this.

The first Christians condemning the world, its prides, its distinctions, and its laws, fled to the deserts, where they lived in common. In the same spirit, Rousseau, disgusted by the inequalities in the society of his time, condemned the individual possession of property, and even ventured to find his ideal in primitive society, and advocate a return to this. The social



condition of these primitive savages is pretty clearly indicated by him when he says: "Beware of forgetting that the fruits belong to all, and the earth to no one." Unhappily, the enthusiasm of the eighteenth century in regard to the "natural man" has been completely chilled by the accounts of modern travellers, who have found him frequently more ferocious than the wolf, who does not slay and eat his fellows, and more treacherous than the tiger, who, at least, makes no protestation of friendship before despatching you. Contemporary reformers have therefore abandoned their search for the ideal community among primeval forests, and have preferred to study conventual life, and the Moravian brotherhood. The organization of a communistic society is exceedingly simple. All the means of production belong to the State; the citizen may work as much as he chooses, and also consume as much as he pleases. This is pretty well a summary of Communism, but all its advocates from Plato to Mr. Bellamy have adorned it with more or less ingenious details, and fictions of one sort or another.

I should like here to glance at the errors on which Communism is founded. It seems to me that it springs up in turn from two principles, just in themselves, but misunderstood or misapplied — fraternity and equality. There are thus two sorts of Communism: one which is based on the idea of fraternity, the other on that of equality. Let us first examine the former kind, to which alone I shall refer in the ensuing section.

### I.

IF I look down into the innermost depths of my consciousness, I become aware of two sentiments from which all others spring. I feel in the first place that I exist and love myself. I seek my own happiness primarily in the acquisition of material objects, finally, as my reasoning powers grow, in the acquisition of truth. Here then is the first of these two feelings — *selfishness*. Moreover, I am in the midst of other beings like myself, and if they do not attack me and there be nothing to excite conflict or rivalry between us, I tend to like them. This then is the second of the two feelings. It has been called *sociability*, because it is the basis of every sort of society, *altruism*, because it involves affection for one's fellows, and *fraternity*, because it is the link which unites the great human family together. You may analyze the feelings in

all their infinite degrees of intensity, and you will find they all have their source in the two primary sentiments. Even in our love for others there is something of self-love. We can never lose consciousness of our own individual and personal vitality, which is the source of all our ideas, and the arbiter of all our desires. But self-love assumes a disinterested character when we rejoice in the pleasure of others or grieve over their sorrows. *Amare est alterius felicitate delectari*, says Leibnitz, and this is the finest definition of love that has ever been given. All our actions are guided by love of self, and love for others under the names of *pity*, *charity*, *sociability*, *altruism*, or *fraternity*. These two principles are the motive powers of the mind, I might almost say the pivots of life. Yet Communism ignores one of them, it would indeed abolish self-love, and leave only love for others, or altruism. Fraternal love in universal brotherhood is the sacred theme which has been the inspiration of Communism in all its intoxicating madness. I say madness, because the attempt to uproot from the human heart all self-ward feeling is of the idlest. It will thus be seen that Communism bears some resemblance to Quietism, and still more to Pantheism, in that it tends to absorb individuals in humanity and humanity in God. So far from loosing the passions it would completely subject them to the reason, for its creed is that in spirit alone can men be united. Thus it calls on all men to live the rational life, which it maintains is the only true one. It aims, moreover, at the deletion of the individual with his individual view and his individual existence; he is to be merged in the collectiveness of the social body. It recognizes no distinct or separate interests, talks of duties, knows nothing of rights; for my right is in what I own, and if no one owns anything, there can be no rights.

Let us break the fetters of the material, cries the Communist, and soar upwards into the realm of the spiritual, where in true unity we may worship in common the true, the beautiful, and the good. Private property would sever us, distinction of interests would be a bar to union. All happiness is increased by being shared; to enjoy together is double enjoyment. This maxim should be the source of all effort, for effort without it is but selfishness. Meals, too, should be eaten in common, that the social life may be cemented. Let us institute *phidicies* as in Crete, *andries* as in Sparta, *syssities* as in Athens, or *agapes* as among the early

Christians. These common meals will be at once a means of communion and the symbol of brotherhood. Men are merely members of that collective being called humanity; there is neither *I*, nor *thou*, nor *we*. Why should we ephemeral sojourners here bring war into the world by setting barriers in the road of the hot natural impulses? Love should admit no divisions, everything should belong to every one. Appropriation engenders selfishness; let selfishness be uprooted from the earth, with the very name of property it has originated. "God," says St. Ambrose, "created all things for the enjoyment of all men, and the earth for a common possession." Nature herself, therefore, is the author of Communism; property is a fraudulent usurpation. As the earth is mankind's common property no one may make a claim in excess of his requirements in the name of property diverted from the common possessions, and held only by violence. Being one vast family, why should we not follow the laws of the family? The earth is our common mother; why divide her? Why cause bloodshed by our fratricidal quarrels? Is not her provision sufficient for our needs? And as we share her blessings in common, and thrill together in the breath of her harmonies, why not enjoy together her boundless fecundity also?

Self-sacrifice makes man superior to beasts. Self-sacrifice should be our rule of life, and our highest ambition. Let us work for the good of others, without reckoning the pains or counting the cost. The well-being of humanity is our own. Whoso considers himself fails in his duty to his fellow. Selfishness should be punished with dishonor. No unit in the community should be allowed to suffer from defects in his individual organization, for which he is not responsible. If the health or other requirements of a unit necessitate a greater allowance, it must be given. Fraternity knows nothing of the parsimony of individualism. *Need is the measure of right.* On the other hand, if you have been endowed with greater strength or higher intelligence than others, you may not use these gifts to your personal advantage. Is it a provision of Providence? Sovereign justice wills that you render an account of it to your brethren. Is it a faculty developed casually? That constitutes no right in itself; you owe others the use of your superior gifts. To devote one's ability, one's time, in fine, oneself body and mind to the service of one's neighbor, that is the whole law of love.

Duty is limited only by capacity; *from each according to his power.*

For two people who love each other, the greatest happiness lies in proving their mutual attachment. The recipient of a service is not indebted to the donor, but rather is the donor under an obligation, for his happiness consists in giving pleasure to the object of his affections. One cannot even conceive gratitude from the recipient; it would be an insult to friendship. Gratitude is rather the natural feeling of the giver, who is delighted in the indulgence of his heart's impulse. All the members of the community will be animated by this temper.

Why speak of justice? Justice is a measure, and love needs and will have no measures. Love is infinite, inexhaustible. It throws a veil over faults and negligences; it sets aside all obligations to give to each according to his deserts. In its effusion it wipes out all differences. Does not the father of the prodigal son do likewise? Let this be the type and model of society. As things now are, a man's affections are limited to a narrow circle, within which he suffers and enjoys. His intercourse with people at large is rare, distant, and reserved, and is usually tinged with distrust and indifference. It is this condition that fraternity is to destroy. Man must feel himself to be a part of a whole, must realize that his interest is so bound up with that of society that he suffers or rejoices with it. The entire community should live in each one of its members, and each one of its members in the entire community. When each believes that the interests of others are identical with his own, all will have the same end in view, and joys and sorrows will be in common.

Under these circumstances all control becomes superfluous. The conflict of selfish interests is at an end, or, rather, self-interest rightly understood fashions them to the common weal. Government is then based upon "the persuasion and voluntary consent of hearts." All power, in fact, becomes useless; for power is merely force employed to impose justice on the relations between man and man, and that will no longer be necessary when private interest works sympathetically with abstract love of justice. To love my neighbor is to benefit myself; to devote myself to him is to increase the sum of public happiness, of which my own is a part. Love of self is absorbed in love of others, and I can only love myself in the person of others, and seek my own happi-

ness in theirs. What use, then, is there for the State in this contest of self-abnegation? The State is the power that enforces the performance of duty; but duty is now synonymous with interest, and there is need of no incentive to its performance.

Such are some of the familiar arguments of Communism in its most spiritual form. We find this view in Plato, and in all the authors of Utopias, who took their cue from him; we find it, too, in the Gospel, and in most of the Christian writers. Listen to Bossuet's comments on the beautiful words spoken by Christ in his last prayer, and given to us by St. John:—

*As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.* That there may be between them, as between Us, perfect equality, from the first amongst them to the last; that there may be complete friendship and community; that each may say as it were to his brother, "all that is mine is thine, and all that is thine is mine." This, it is often necessary to repeat, was in reality the case in the early days of the church. "And they were of one heart and one mind; neither said any man that anything he possessed was his own, for they had all things in common." This system was effectual in the primitive church, showing that a disposition to such an arrangement must be at the bottom of all hearts. Let us therefore encourage this disposition, let us commune together, let us be charitable and compassionate, looking on none with disdain. In reality all are equal; we have all been created from the same dust, and we all alike bear the image of God in our hearts. Let charity equalize all, according to St. Paul, who says that all should be equal. And to that end he writes: "that your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want;" and he repeats: "that there may be equality as it is written; he that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack" (2 Cor. viii. 14, 15). It is the Divine Will that there should be equality amongst men, that is to say, that none should be in want; but that all should have what they need, and that there should be compensation for inequality. When shall we say with our whole heart to our suffering brother "all that is mine is thine," and to our more wealthy brother "all that is thine is mine." Alas! we shall never see such a perfect state of things in this world. Yet this is what Christ holds forth as an example. Let us seek for this Divine unity. My God, I open wide my arms to my brethren, my heart warms to them and my bowels are filled with compassion; I would be to them father, mother, brother and sister, friend and defender, all in fact that they require to make them happy.\*

\* Meditations on the Gospel of St. John, 157th day.

These are eloquent words, springing from a heart sincerely afflicted by the evils which weigh down the great mass of mankind. It is this feeling of humanity which nearly always gives birth to Communist systems. Those who pretend that these "detestable follies" spring up in our age, from the disturbance of men's minds and the license given to their passions, quite forget that both the sages of antiquity and the saints of Christianity advocated the same doctrines, and that the first in the gardens of the Academy, where nought save words of justice and virtue were heard, and the second in their solitary cells, whose walls were the sole witnesses of their piety, alike preached the necessity of community, seeing no other remedy for the evils of society. These great men were distressed and indignant at the manifold iniquities under which the human race groaned. They conceived a state of society where justice should reign supreme, and where mutual affection should unite together all men, henceforth brothers. From the heights of this great ideal they emptied the vials of their wrath upon luxury, pride, distinctions of class and private property. They quite forgot the obstacles that personal interest and the instinctive desire for independence placed in the way of the realization of these schemes inspired by feelings of charity.

Yet, as is known, these plans and visions were not wholly and entirely day dreams. Associations founded for the abolition of property have existed, and have even thrived and prospered. But in what circumstances? At the time of the French Revolution (1789), religious communities owned about one-third of the land; towards the close of the eighteenth century, they possessed about the same proportion in Spain, Italy, and Belgium. At the present day, in the last named country, there are over two thousand convents and religious establishments, almost as many as there are communes, and it is, I think, universally admitted, that if these absolutely communistic associations had the rights of possession as corporations, in less than a century the entire country would be in their hands. If once religious Communism be granted a legal existence and power of inheritance, it will certainly triumph over the individualist principle, even with respect to the accumulation of wealth. During the last few centuries the Jesuits have been engaged in trade. Several convents on the Continent do business successfully; so that if the members

of these orders were to live what may be called a spiritual rather than a material life, and were ever ready to sacrifice their interests to what they consider their duty, they might yet realize Mr. Bellamy's Utopia.

Between pure spirits community is natural; between brutes it is an impossibility. All that satisfies the tastes of the mind — *i.e.*, the possession of knowledge, the sight of the beautiful in nature and art, may be enjoyed by a number in common. Many nations and successive generations can be gladdened by fine works of art. The beautiful and the true, and all appertaining thereto, have the divine privilege of being enjoyed by all simultaneously, of being the entire possession of each, and of losing none of their charms by an increase in the number of their possessors. The more, then, men rise to the appreciation of pure ideas, the greater is their serenity, and the greater their capacity of intimate union with their fellows. Whereas, on the other hand, all things which satisfy the senses can only be possessed by one person at a time; the desire of two, for the same thing, is at once a source of dispute and conflict. The more, therefore, men live the sensual life, the less capable they will be of harmony and of a life "in community."

All great men who advocated Communism realized this fact. It was their desire to awaken in mankind a taste for "spiritual" things, which could be possessed in common, and to restrict the appetite for tangible things, the possession of which is naturally exclusive. Read Plato and listen to St. Paul. The former tells us the body is an oppressor, a tyrant, a weight holding us down to the lower regions; the latter, that is the source of all evil, a tomb, containing nothing but decay. "Who will deliver us from the body of this death?" The possession of a wife engenders jealousies and quarrels; marriage is an exclusive and personal contract. Therefore St. Paul extols virginity, which would obviate a great discord. Plato thinks that wives should be held in common, and establishes a sort of chaste promiscuity, so as to make the union between men complete. Platonism and Asceticism both sacrifice personality and marriage. A man must sacrifice not only his interest but his will to live "in community;" he must renounce self entirely, and yield implicit obedience to his superior, who has sole control of him, his physical powers, and his tastes. This superior may be society in general, as

represented by *plébiscite*, or it may be an individual. Monastic communities well understood the indispensable conditions for life in common. Their chief object was to root out from men's hearts pride, concupiscence, and love of earthly things, hence the three vows of chastity, poverty, and humility. But to attain this, the mainspring of the human organization was so strained that it sometimes snapped. These communities, however, survived, are still in existence, and even multiply. But when once they descend from the cultivation of the "spiritual," their fall is sad enough.

Briefly, fraternal Communism was conceived by men of genius in their disgust at the vices of society, and out of an absorbing and ardent love of justice. Its chief characteristic is "spirituality," its principle of organization is authority, its object fraternity. It has founded some lasting associations, but always by taking religious feeling as a basis, and often by stifling the most natural affections as well as all individual initiative.

## II.

WE must now consider that species of Communism which has for its object the establishment of universal equality. All ancient politicians were of opinion that a democracy could not exist if there were too great inequality between the conditions of citizens, and the object of nearly all the Greek legislators was to reduce this inequality. Aristotle, that great observer, held this view. "Inequality," he says, "is the source of all revolution, for no sort of compensations can atone for inequality." It is necessary, he thinks, that there should be equality of condition throughout the same order, for it would be difficult to maintain a government based on injustice; and he explains in detail all the means that have been from time to time employed for the maintenance of equality. Minos and Lycurgus attempted to solve the problem by establishing a sort of Communism, and the institutions they founded lasted sufficiently long to excite the ill-justified admiration of both ancients and moderns; but inequality finally invaded Sparta, and the Greek republics ended in anarchy. Montesquieu shared the views of the Greek statesmen, for he says the basis of a republic should be *virtue*, which he defines as love of equality. "As what I call virtue," he writes in his introduction to the "Spirit of Laws," "is love of country, that is to say, love of equality." Again, in Book vii. chap 2,

"Equality in the distribution of riches makes the excellence of republics." These are maxims which have been too much lost sight of in our day, as they have not been considered applicable to the present age. I think this is an error. It is true that they were certainly more applicable to ancient cities, where the citizens were comparatively few in number, and where all considered themselves as equals; but at the present time precisely the same feeling of equality is spreading throughout all classes. I am quite aware that the opinions of Montesquieu are not wholly reliable, because, having studied ancient society much more than modern, he thought more of artificial than of natural organizations. Nevertheless, I think that he is right when he says that a certain equality of condition is essential to the continuance of a democracy, even though that democracy be a modern one. The events of these later years have given still further proof of this. When those, who by their labor can only secure to themselves insufficient or, at all events, precarious sustenance, have a voice in the government, it is more than probable that, sooner or later, they will do their utmost to alter laws which sanction the inequality from which they suffer. Those, on the other hand, who are better off, support the laws already in existence, and to maintain them, are willing to have recourse to a dictatorship. So that democracy terminates in either anarchy or despotism, and usually in the one as the result of the other. Under any circumstances, inequality is the cause of its downfall. Such has been the lesson of history from the earliest times, and such also was the lesson of history but yesterday. It cannot be denied that the opinion of Aristotle and Montesquieu is supported by facts. Historical changes of this sort formerly took place within the limits of a city, or at most, of a realm; they never occurred everywhere simultaneously, because each city and each realm had its own peculiar faith, ideas, and institutions. In our day this is no longer the case. The spread of Christianity, the facilities of communication, the activity of trade and commerce, and many other circumstances have brought all Christian nations to share the same general views, and to face the same social problem, modified in each case by local influences. The result is that the difficulty which disturbed these ancient cities within their narrow limits, at present agitates, and threatens still further to agitate, all the nations of Europe; and that, by the

extension of its sphere, it has now acquired an importance which cannot fail to strike every one, and the more so, that we have lately seen an emperor taking the lead of the Socialist movement. I will endeavor to demonstrate by what process this difficulty has grown so in modern times, and how certain reformers have sought to solve it by Communism.

During the Middle Ages men's minds, being still slaves to custom, were not vigorous enough to attain to any conception of the rights of humanity. With the Reformation, that bold insurrection against religious despotism, a new era of things commenced. Holland took up arms in support of liberty of conscience; England shook off the yoke of the Stuarts and proclaimed the sovereignty of the people; beyond the seas Puritans and Quakers founded democracies based on principles of universal suffrage, of direct government by the people, and of universal equality. Finally, the eighteenth century adopted all these principles and arranged them in systems, and, as is well known, the French Revolution promulgated them through the world. Since that time, the idea of equality has penetrated everywhere into men's minds, and become the foundation of many societies. The process is as follows: By an energetic effort of self-assertion man comes to consider himself independent of the institutions under the domination of which history would place him. This call upon nature, or rather upon reason, gives him a glimpse of the essential rights of man. In fact it is quite impossible to conceive the bare idea of man, without a glance at that goal of perfection, whither it is the law of his being to tend. "Thou art a man, thou must therefore be all that thy name implies; thy development is thy destiny." But certain conditions are indispensable for the accomplishment of this destiny, and these may be summed up in the one word Liberty—liberty of thought, freedom of action, and property, as a free sphere in which to exercise that liberty. These are essential rights. They belong to all, for all are of one kind. The man, therefore, who claims freedom for himself must admit to his fellows the enjoyment of the same right. An abstract idea of equality thus becomes the basis of the new social order. The root of the words equity and equality is *æquus*. Justice and equity could never be conceived without the idea of equality. *Iustum æquale est*, says the old definition. Aristotle was the first to write: "Right consists in an equal proportion" (Polit. iii. 6).



In Greek *dikaion* means "just and equal." It is inscribed in the written constitutions in the following words: "*All citizens are equal before the law,*" and in England this is admitted as a fact. But in reality all men are not in enjoyment of their primitive rights, and the greater number lack the means of development. They have no opportunity for culture of the mind. Their whole time is taken up by manual labor. They are not free, for they have nothing on which they can employ their vital energy; others hold the land and capital, and, themselves non-workers, exact from the workers payment for the right of retaining a portion of the bread they earn by their labor. Private property is an essential condition of liberty, and consequently of the development of human destiny. As Sir Louis Mallet recently remarked, with his usual penetration, without private property freedom can have but a merely nominal existence. But how can property be assured to all, it being of itself an exclusive appropriation? And here we come to the formidable incongruity between the right to live by working for one's livelihood, which it appears ought certainly to be the right of all, and the right to private property, which seems to offer an invincible obstacle to the exercise of the former right. This difficulty requires a few words of explanation.

A man is born. He can invoke the rights that this incident confers on him, and therefore the right to procure himself food; otherwise society must either take upon herself to feed him, or let him starve to death. Everything is already appropriated. The exclusive private domain of those already in existence refuses to receive the new-comer or to give him sustenance. What is to be done? Do you deny that he has certain rights, and foremost among them the right to live? Even you yourself enjoy all you possess merely by the same title that he appeals to, that is to say, your birthright as a man. To deny him similar rights would be to transgress the law. Would you dispute his exercise of these rights? In that case the very conception of rights, resulting from the earliest notions of individuality, would fade away, and nothing would remain but chance and strength. But neither strength, chance, occupation, nor conquest, are titles to adduce; they may all be summed up in one word—facts. Today facts may be in your favor, but will they be so to-morrow? Who say strength say numbers; and it is obvious to which side these belong.

The progress of the human species seems to be arrested at this point; how overcome the obstacle in the way? How ensure to every man education, property, and even work without attacking the privileges of those already enjoying all these? Which of the two ideas—equality or exclusive possession—will gain the victory? The future destinies of the civilized world depend on the issue of these conflicting interests. What indeed is civilization if it does not enable the greater number to enjoy their necessary rights, and to have a share in the general well-being, education, and social and political freedom? But, once again, how is this end to be attained? The problem is as complex and difficult to solve, as it is serious. As a rule, economists have not stopped to consider it, and the majority of Socialists have answered it too thoughtlessly. During the eighteenth century it was acknowledged by all thoughtful men, though its component factors could not be as clearly perceived as they are now, thanks to the progress made in economic science. The majority of those who, during the last century and the present, became conscious of the difficulty were satisfied with calling attention to it, and setting it forth with more or less precision and eloquence; other more daring reformers sought to do away with it, after the manner of Minos and Lycurgus, by Communism. But as the majority of them were Materialists, they have given this creed a new characteristic, which it is essential to note here. They denied the existence of evil instincts in man. According to them, man is essentially good. All the evil proceeds from established institutions. If these were reformed, evil would wholly disappear. All the passions are holy. They are excellent springs which must be wisely controlled and worked for the common happiness. Nature is our mother, they argue; why resist her voice? Instinct is her voice; to satisfy it is our right, and since it is an equal right for all, all must enjoy equally, as enjoyment is our destiny. The only way to effect this equality of enjoyment is to institute community of possessions. These materialistic Communists, therefore, instead of seeking for means to realize equality of rights, endeavor to establish absolute equality of possessions. According to their view, man is no longer a free agent, possessed of certain rights, and responsible for the way in which he uses them, but a simple unit to be placed in a line with other units, so that none may exceed the uniform level. The sys-

tem, as has been said, would turn society into a sort of bed of Procrustes.

For rights to be thoroughly respected, or in other words, for all to enjoy complete equality, society as a body should eat with the same mouth, work with the same members, and feel successive sensations with the same senses. In default of this perfect unity of society, which alone would realize the absolute idea of equal rights as conceived by the Materialists, it is possible to have at least meals, work, and pleasures in common. All care should be taken to prevent one having a larger share of enjoyment than another. If necessary, the aid of despotism must be called in to hinder this. The principle of equality demands it, if there is to be an equality of sensations. The individual possession of implements of labor necessarily entails certain differences which the principle of responsibility sanctions. Individual possession, a necessary condition of all labor, and individual responsibility, an essential condition of all morality, must therefore both be abolished. Can there be any greater inequalities than those which result from the institution of marriage? Woman has ever been the object of the most ardent desire, and the source of the greatest joys. These must be the same for all, says the Materialist. What then is to prevent complete promiscuity? Logic points directly to it, and there is no moral law to forbid it. Is not indeed the voice of instinct in its favor? Therefore the Communists of the eighteenth century added to their doctrines community of wives as well as of goods.

Nature herself differentiates between man and man. Strength of muscle, or of limb, quickness, vigor, or special intelligence prevent uniformity in the same race. All are differently endowed. But these varieties of faculties are to be arrested in their development. Phrenology must be consulted that means may be found to efface these differences, by modelling the tender heads of infants in the same mould. Such a course would effect material equality. The uniformity would be complete. Obviously, too, the culture of the mind and the various talents, constitute sources of serious inequality by developing those tendencies which date from birth. Let all culture be prohibited, and all progress arrested. The cultivation of the soil suffices for the maintenance of life. Any other occupation would become a cause of inequality; let it therefore be prohibited. The distribution of labor, in itself so great a good, would be wholly incompatible too

with justice, thus understood; for labor, if distributed, would not be the same for all. Let each then cultivate the common soil for himself, and draw from it what he needs for the satisfaction of his wants. Freedom of thought is not compatible with this *régime*; its whole tendency would be to destroy anything of the kind. The greatest possible care must be taken that the laws are properly executed, and any budding superiority must be at once nipped with an iron hand; for superiority of any description would constitute a public danger, and an attack on the established order of things. This doctrine is very clearly explained in the "*Manifeste des Egaux*" drawn up by Sylvain Maréchal at the time of the conspiracy of Babœuf in 1799: "Equality of condition before the law is a mere day-dream; if there be one single man in the world in the least degree richer or more powerful than his fellows, the equilibrium is upset; there must be no other difference amongst them but that of age and sex; the soil belongs to no one, the fruits of the earth are for all alike; it behoves the State to distribute them equally amongst all men, who in return must give enforced labor, the description, quality, and quantity of which are regulated by the State alone. Luxury, which bears in itself the stamp of inequality must disappear, and, with it, all great cities, hotbeds of agitation and immorality. Equality implies the common education of children beyond the pale of their parents' supervision, and their instruction is to be limited to useful and practical knowledge, to the exclusion of any speculative information. When this system is once established, no one will have the right to express an opinion opposed to the sacred principles of equality, and the frontier will be inexorably closed to all foreign produce or foreign ideas. Finally, in order to assist the establishment of the new state of things, public and private debts will be abolished." (Hist. du Social. par B. Malon, ch. vii.) Absolute and necessary despotism is then the last stage of this system which invokes liberty, promises happiness, and swears by equality. It recognizes the independence of man, and makes a slave of him. It gives free vent to his appetite, but ties up labor. It liberates him from the obligations of the moral law, but introduces the Inquisition. Respect the principle of evil; it is an instinct of nature. Let concupiscence spread unchecked; pleasure is the great aim of life. Woe to him who rises superior to his fellows in either genius or

virtue; he is infringing the rights of others, and violating equality. Why proscribe Aristides? Because he is a just man. Dissolute brutes under an iron yoke is the ideal Communism which Materialism dreams of. Herein is summarized the entire doctrine. Man is desirous of family joys, and of the supreme charm of liberty. Instead of these he is allotted compulsory labor and promiscuity of intercourse. Society must arrive at a state of organization where the greatest activity can be displayed under a reign of the most perfect order; the Materialists offer a dead level of uniformity and general servitude.

It should be observed that this latter theory is in total opposition to primitive Communism. Rousseau's scheme was to let loose man as a free being in an isolated condition. Babœuf, on the contrary, wished a Communism of equality organized by the State. Instead of an aggregate of persons in a state of freedom which knows no laws, you have laws cramping individuals into a condition where liberty is wholly unknown. In the one instance the realization of Hobbe's *homo homini lupus*; in the other Loyola's maxim, *homo perinde ac cadaver*; either life without order, or order without life. In both cases alike justice must perish, and individuality be entirely lost.

The doctrine here explained is in reality, with the exception of a few trifling details, that of the Communists of the last and the present century. It entirely differs from that of Plato, the ascetics, and Bossuet, who all, nevertheless, extolled community of possessions. The one school would have all the passions fully satisfied, while the object of the other is to stifle them. The one reinstates the flesh, denying the soul; the other abhors the body while exalting the mind. The one is political, and calculates on attaining its object by authoritative measures and by the power of the State; the other is religious, and relies for its success on conversion and the advancement of morality. The one has its origin in a conception of rights, appeals to self-interest, and aims at the establishment of equality; the other originates in a conception of duty, appeals to charity, and seeks to establish universal fraternity. Finally, if the one be the better calculated to fire the masses by a perspective of material enjoyment, the other is more suited to captivate generous and enthusiastic minds by the vision of a terrestrial Eden, and by the ideas of justice on which these day-dreams are based.

## III.

LET us now briefly inquire if Communism be suitable to men as they now are, and as they seem likely to be for some time to come. Before pronouncing a judgment on this point, we cannot do better than look at Stuart Mill's opinion on the subject. He writes as follows:—

The restraints of Communism would be freedom in comparison with the present condition of the majority of the human race. The generality of laborers in this and most other countries have as little choice of occupation or freedom of locomotion, are practically as dependent on fixed rules, and on the will of others, as they could be on any system short of actual slavery. If, therefore, the choice were to be made between Communism and all its chances, and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices; if the institution of private property necessarily carried with it as a consequence, that the produce of labor should be apportioned, as we now see it, almost in an inverse ratio to the labor—the largest portions to those who have never worked at all, the next largest to those whose work is almost nominal, and so in a descending scale, the remuneration dwindling as the work grows harder and more disagreeable, until the most fatiguing and exhausting bodily labor cannot count with certainty on being able to earn even the necessities of life; if this or Communism were the alternative, all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance.

Mill's opinion should put us on our guard against hasty judgments, and precipitate denunciation of Communism. Nevertheless there are, in my opinion, strong objections to it, so strong as to quite suffice for its unhesitating rejection. Mr. Bellamy, and Communists of his stamp, blinded by their Utopian visions, will not see what is daily proved by experience. *From each according to his strength* they say, but who is to be judge of this? The State. The State, then, is to set me my task, and condemn me to an amount of labor which is to be settled solely by its arbitrary judgment. What is the difference between this and the galleys?

*To each according to his wants.* But who is to limit these? Each individual? No; for this would be making caprice or gluttony the measure of the allotment. The State then; that is to say, the daily rations, shall be fixed by law; there shall be a national *pot au feu*, a sort of enforced mess for all time. This is no longer a feast of equals, a family banquet, or the evangelical love-feast. In the *Agape* the State had no part, love reigned supreme; it was in consecration of their unity that

the members of one great family gathered together, a communistic institution rendered possible by evil overcome. But away from this ideal, the memory of a foregone or the forecast of a very far off future age, no such institution is possible save by constraint. Communism may also be reproached with weakening the springs of activity and with enervating instead of stimulating the will. It is certain that man can only draw his sustenance from the earth by dint of labor. Labor necessitates an effort against the instinct of idleness, a certain degree of trouble, of which want is the incentive, and the satisfaction of want the reward. If you take away the reward for the trouble, you remove the stimulus. There must be direct and immediate connection between labor and its produce; in other words, the laborer must feel that the produce of his labor is his own. If the produce be entirely, or even partially absorbed by another, the intensity of labor will be impaired. This is what actually takes place in the society of to-day; and it would take place to a far greater degree in a state of society where the producer had only a certain share of the produce allotted him; activity would certainly decrease, as there would be no immediate connection between the effort and its object, between labor and the produce destined to satisfy the need. The producer would not have the full enjoyment of his own creation.

The larger a community is, the less direct is the connection between labor and its produce, and the less intense is the activity born of real want. It may easily be conceived that in a society of some millions of persons this force would be reduced to a mere minimum. Religious communities, in order to compensate for this inevitable inertia, offered—as a reward for labor—happiness in a future state, which acted as an incentive to work, in the place of want or a desire to enjoy the good things of the world. In this way industry was encouraged in their midst, and work did not come to a standstill. But could any one with a full knowledge of men of the present day reasonably suggest that they should go down into mines, dig out ore, work in factories or workshops, drive engines; in a word, accomplish any of the multitudinous duties involved in our industrial and commercial life, with a view to securing happiness beyond the grave, and the joys of Paradise?

On the contrary it is most highly essential to respect in every way and stimulate the incentive of personal interest. Give it

the amplest satisfaction by ensuring to the worker the full enjoyment of his produce; justice wills that this should be so. Guarantee to all free scope for their energy; equality would have this so. Let the excitement of want and the desire for legitimate enjoyment reign in the sphere of labor; they will give a prodigious impetus to industry. But do not attempt to impose an artificial "fraternity;" it would engender hatred, and would be productive only of misery. If the rights of each be clearly defined and guaranteed, the feelings of affection uniting men together will develop beyond the region of material interests. If any object of common envy be in dispute these brothers become absolute wolves or sharks, but if dispensatory justice render conflict impossible they will live in friendship. If I am bound to work for my neighbor, I shall, more than probably, dislike him; all that is oppression entails hatred of the oppressor; but if both of us enjoy the fruit of our own personal exertions, I shall be animated by feelings of affection, and ready even to make sacrifices for him.

It is very important to keep the two primitive sentiments of man within the compass of their spheres. The sting of want may incite to the struggle with the barrenness and parsimony of nature, so that ease and comfort may be wrenched from her; but such elevated feelings and aspirations as love, abnegation, and brotherhood must not be invoked for the production of riches. They are wholly out of place. Love must no more be a speculation than labor a sacrifice or appetite a right.

If every man in his own legitimate sphere of action were free to produce for himself, and if the tax of idleness were abolished, a spirit of fruitful emulation would inspire all workers, and the welfare of one would not spring from the poverty of another. What more than this could be desired?

But the chief objection to Communism is that it destroys responsibility, and consequently sacrifices either justice or liberty. Justice, in its practical sense, means giving to each his due, *cuique suum*. To each according to his merit and work, is a very old maxim, which the consciences of all nations have ever accepted. It is the very principle of responsibility, and the basis of the moral law. If thou doest well thou shalt reap thy reward, if evil thy punishment, for these are the sequels of thine own actions, good or evil.

It follows, then, that the fundamental

precept of social economy should be: "*To each worker his produce, his entire produce, and nothing but his produce.*" The great problem of social organization is to realize this formula of justice. If this were once applied, pauperism and *divitism*, misery and idleness, vice and spoliation, pride and servitude would disappear as if by magic from our midst. Communism entirely ignores these first principles, the perception and realization of which are the constant effort and crowning glory of civilization. Zeal or cowardice, cupidity or abnegation, it recognizes no difference. Each one has his work appointed him; one does it ill, another not at all — it matters not; meals are served to all alike, all are treated in the same way, the idle and the industrious; brotherly feeling is tender over such slight delinquencies. It is quite clear that with this system it is to a man's advantage to do as little work as possible, all his wants being attended to under any circumstances. Vice is rewarded and virtue sacrificed. Abnegation offers a premium to laziness.

When two persons, out of politeness, debate as to which shall not accept a service each is anxious to render the other, the less scrupulous will have the best of the generous contest. It is precisely the same in Communism, which is the dominance of the weak by the strong, of the active and industrious, by the greedy and self-indulgent. Without responsibility morality becomes a word devoid of signification. How then is such a system as Communism to be maintained? There is but one way. Stringently to enforce the penal code, that is to say, arrange an entire scale of penalties and punishments, regulate all the actions of private life, divide the workers into brigades under the arbitrary orders of an overseer, or submit all the questions of produce to the general votes, to punish any wilful idleness; substitute, in fact, for the incentive to work the fear of the gaol.

Instead of emulation and personal responsibility, constantly stimulating to increased vigor and activity, there would be then constraint in balance with indolence, disgust and weariness with law, and "fraternity" with justice. If you once do away with individual responsibility, society becomes one vast wheel, kept in motion by force. But let us listen to what Stuart Mill says on this subject: —

The objection ordinarily made to a system of community of property and equal distribution of the produce, that each person would be incessantly occupied in evading his fair

share of the work, points, undoubtedly, to a real difficulty; but those who urge this objection, forget to how great an extent the same difficulty exists under the system on which nine-tenths of the business of society is now conducted. The objection supposes that honest and efficient labor is only to be had from those who are themselves individually to reap the benefit of their own exertions. But how small a part of all the labor performed in England, from the lowest paid to the highest, is done by persons working for their own benefit.

These statements of the eminent economist certainly possess a value which we will not contest; their application to the present system is undoubted, but they are no justification of Communism, which would merely extend the same lamentable defect that exists in our present social organization.

Moreover, at the present time, the ill-effects of the wages' system on the quantity and quality of work are considerably mitigated by the workman being closely overlooked by his master, whose interest it is to see that he works as well and as quickly as possible. When this superintendence is too difficult to be effectually carried out, work is done "by the job" instead; in this way the force of responsibility acts either directly or indirectly on the workman through the medium of the master. This is generally the case with most agricultural labor, with mines and small industries. It is quite true, as Mill observes, that there are very many cases in which the stimulus of private interest is not called into action. For instance, many functionaries and officials in large companies have a fixed stipend, in no way dependent on the way they do their duty. In such cases, it must of course be admitted, that the principle of responsibility is less direct in its action, and yet it seems to me that it has more influence than in a Communist association. The superintendent of the laborers has the hope of rising to a higher post and of receiving higher wages; in addition to this he generally belongs to a class somewhat above the workmen under him, and he is thus better able to understand that his interest lies in doing his duty conscientiously; finally he knows that if he does not work well, he may be dismissed, and that he would thus lose a position superior to that of the great majority of those who have to live by their own exertions. All these stimulants to activity are lacking in Communism. The superintendent or overseer is not urged to display the utmost



zeal in his power by any hope of better pay, or fear of losing what he already enjoys. True, he has a certain interest in the prosperity of society, his own being dependent on it, an interest which the hired workman has not; but this stimulus, which might be efficacious in a small communistic association competing with other contractors, would be of no possible avail in a universal association for governmental purposes, for there would be no proportion whatever between his disposition to neglect, and the benefit he could obtain from the addition of his personal produce to the general produce of some millions of co-associates. Nowadays, when a workman is idle he is dismissed; as the Communist workshop would comprise the whole country, dismissal would mean exile, a punishment so severe that it would probably be replaced by imprisonment. So that, not self-sacrifice, but the gaoler would be the pivot of the new state of society. I am of opinion, therefore, that Mill goes too far when he sums up his conclusion as follows:—

I consider that at the present time it is an open question as to what extent the power of labor would be decreased by Communism, and even whether it would be so at all.

I believe, on the other hand, that at the present time it is perfectly certain that nothing but very fervent religious feeling can induce men to give up entirely their private interests and their own free-will for the benefit of society. The experiment has been made several times. Those who have made religious conviction the basis of the association have sometimes been successful; the others have invariably failed.

Communism is a protest against the existing order rather than a system of organization in itself. As we have seen, it owes its birth to an erroneous inference from the principle of fraternity or from that of equality, but in neither case does it offer any hope of a new social order. Real study of man's instincts is entirely lacking in its doctrines and precepts. It disdains to study because it only recognizes in our present state of society spoliation and injustice, and the order of things it dreams of is the exact reverse of what it sees. It troubles itself nought with the laws of production and distribution; they are unessential, and are to be entirely set aside. There is no transition between the forests primeval and paradise, between the wandering savage and angels united

in bonds of ineffable love. It does not understand the onward march of civilization, and fails to perceive the slow and arduous, but none the less sure and glorious, progress of reason.

The problem set by Socialism—that is to say, by the science of society and civilization—is the following: Since men are equal by right, and possess divers aptitudes and inclinations, how shall the right of each to his means of production be secured to him, and how, at the same time, shall labor be stimulated by responsibility? In other words, in what manner should the association of mankind be so organized that equity may govern all social relations? Communism has not answered this question, because it has never even asked it. Its aspiration is generous, but it in no way solves the difficulty before us. Since Campanella, Communism has not made one step forwards, and since More, it has gone backward. Two thousand years ago it was at its zenith. Plato was its inspired advocate, and St. Paul its austere apostle; while the days of primitive Christianity were its period of religious enthusiasm, of daring proselytism, and of practical realization. Mr. Bellamy's Utopia, in spite of the charm of the pictures he draws, and the skill of his economic arguments, seems to me inferior to More's.

Though I have thus pointed out some of the chief objections to Communism, I am well aware that they are not all equally important. But I think we may draw this conclusion from them, as a whole, that as long as men are such as they now are, and seem likely to remain for some time to come, generous minds may sigh for Communism as an enchanting picture of regenerate humanity, but that it is not, in its present shape, a scheme suitable for men. In the sphere of economy it would snap asunder the spring of all work and effort, while in the judgment seat it would not respect justice, seeing that it fails to ensure to each the fruit of his labor. The second defect is more serious than the first, for there is just a remote chance that some sort of motive power might become developed in man, to act as a stimulus to production with the same force as does private interest; but men will never willingly submit to a system which rewards good and bad workmen alike.

The sole advantage to be gained by studying communistic programmes lies in the fact that they criticise with more or less eloquence and with a good deal of truth, the abuses of our social organiza-

tion, and that they stir up an enthusiasm for reform.

If we may judge by the past it may safely be affirmed that the future is not for Communism. The system of property is rather making progress than losing ground; it has always had the advantage of possessing a principle of organization superior to that of Communism. Property will not perish; but there will be gradual modifications in the manner in which it is held. It will become more and more a personal, and less and less an hereditary right. Every institution which is essentially stationary by nature, is condemned to disappear, sooner or later, because all things change, and more particularly the thoughts and faiths of men.

On the other hand, principles which form the necessary basis of society subsist always, being accounted for and justified by our very nature; only they are gradually modified and perfected in the process of general progress. The relics of barbarous times disappear one by one as these principles draw nearer and nearer to the ideal of justice, growing more and more at each step into conformity with the laws of reason, and more and more favorable to the happiness of all. Such is, and has ever been, the destiny of property, as I have shown in my book, "Primitive Property." The laws with regard to it have always been, and still are, very different with different nations; frequently they have varied very much with the same people, and it is perfectly certain they will suffer many more changes. None but the enemies of property would wish to restrict it within the limits of its present prescribed boundaries. Social institutions gradually become transformed, but they generally develop in a certain given direction, and according to fixed rules; at all events during many consecutive centuries. It is therefore probable that property will become modified in the way I have indicated, and the changes which have already taken place allow of our foreseeing, in a measure, those which are likely to ensue. Property is becoming more accessible; it is therefore probable that a time will come when all will share in it, as it is essential to a real state of freedom, and the true development of individuality that all should accomplish. It is also becoming more and more a reward of labor; we may therefore reasonably believe that by-and-by that maxim, which is at once both the absolute negation of Communism and the most sacred justice, will receive due legis-

lative recognition: To each the produce and nothing but the produce of his labor.

From Murray's Magazine.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AT WETHERBY.

WETHERBY is one of those vast, solid, north-country mansions which excite admiration rather than a spirit of covetousness in the breast of the beholder. Standing upon high ground, this huge, weather-worn pile of grey stone commands from its many windows a wide view over the counties of Yorkshire and Durham, upon the borders of which it is situated, and presents a sufficiently imposing appearance by reason of its size, though its architectural merits are scarcely of the first order. When the wind blows from the north-east (a happy condition of things which commonly prevails throughout the autumn, winter, and spring), it is cold beyond all power of words to describe, or of any furnace to overcome; it is lonely because the extent of its owner's territory converts near neighbors into distant ones, and it is dreary apart from climatic disadvantages, because no house-party large enough to fill it can possibly be assembled within its walls. Nevertheless, this bleak domain is not always bleak. In hot summers (for even Durham and Yorkshire have a summer, and even England, as we know, can boast of a hot one every now and again) the whispering woods and grassy glades of Wetherby afford a retreat which to many a weary Londoner would seem like Paradise, nor was their beauty thrown away upon Marcia Brett, who sometimes fancied that she enjoyed solitude and communion with nature. If this was quite a mistake—as in all probability it was—sufficient time to discover her error was not granted to her; for she had not tasted the delights of sylvan existence for three days, when her hostess remarked casually,—

"Mr. Archdale is to arrive this evening. I forget whether I told you that he is to paint the panels of the ball-room for us. It will be a long job, and it will keep him busy all day long; so I dare say he will not be much in our way."

Marcia both felt and looked astonished;

but Lady Wetherby did not choose to notice that. "He asked himself," she explained. "Artists, I suppose, must be allowed such privileges, though they are sometimes a little inconvenient. One comfort is, that I don't feel called upon to provide entertainment for him."

An irrepressible smile appeared for a moment upon Marcia's lips; she may have thought that the task of entertaining Mr. Archdale might safely be committed to her. But this, it need scarcely be said, was by no means Lady Wetherby's view of the case; nor was the young artist, who duly appeared at the dinner-table that night, suffered to forget that he had joined the party in a purely professional capacity. He could not, of course, be prevented from spending a part of the evening with the ladies; but he could be, and was, prevented from spending a single minute with one of them alone. And, on the following morning, he was informed, in the most considerate way, that nobody would think of interrupting him at his labors. If he preferred to have his luncheon brought to him in the ball-room, he was to ring the bell and say so; he was to make himself quite at home, and to order anything that he wanted, including a horse, when he felt the need of exercise and fresh air.

"In short," said Lady Wetherby graciously, "we shall go on just as if you were not here, and you must not trouble your head about any of us."

Archdale did not allow diffidence to deter him from suggesting that Mrs. Brett might like to explore the neighborhood on horseback and adding that he should be most happy to escort her; but, unfortunately for him, Marcia did not ride, and all his ingenuity was employed in vain to defeat the vigilance of her too devoted friend. It was useless to bounce into the library or the boudoir at unexpected times; nothing was gained by patiently promenading the garden before breakfast, nor did it avail him to request Mrs. Brett's honest opinion of his work, so far as it had gone. Mrs. Brett was quite willing to pass judgment upon his outlines, but so also was Lady Wetherby; they appeared to be absolutely inseparable, and the most provoking part of the whole business was that Marcia evidently enjoyed this very poor and unduly protracted joke.

Such jokes are always enjoyed by women, and Marcia was not yet weary of this one at the end of the week, by which time Archdale's exasperation could no longer be concealed. Knowing, as she did, that

neither Lady Wetherby nor anybody else could prevent her from granting the interview that he desired, so soon as it should please her to be merciful, she naturally chose to prolong a state of things which it was at her option to terminate. It was, however, terminated at length by circumstances with which she had nothing to do. A political meeting having been appointed to take place in one of the large neighboring towns, and sundry statesmen having intimated their intention of speaking at it, Lord Wetherby could do no less than offer hospitality to the orators and their families; and so it came to pass that an assembly of some twenty persons claimed his wife's attention one evening. Poor Lady Wetherby knew very well what was sure to happen; but how could she help it? She kept Marcia beside her after dinner, and engaged her in conversation with the political ladies; but, of course, the groups broke up when the men came in from the dining-room, and, equally of course, Archdale succeeded in drawing Mrs. Brett away to an open window, whence a charming prospect of moon-lit lawn and garden could be descried.

"Don't you think it would be rather nice to go outside for a few minutes?" he asked humbly. "This room is stiflingly hot, and, though I suppose these people are too old and solemn to perpetrate a round game, one of them is sure to be asked to sing presently, which will be almost as bad."

Marcia, who was not looking at him and seemed to be pre-occupied with thoughts of her own, nodded and stepped out on to the grass without more ado. Twenty-four hours earlier she would perhaps have shown herself less accommodating, but it so chanced that she had received that morning a letter from her husband which had not only annoyed her a good deal, but had produced upon her exactly the opposite effect to that which it had been intended to produce; this, unluckily, was the usual fate of Mr. Brett's letters to his wife.

"I have been sorry," he wrote, "to hear that Mr. Archdale is staying in the house with you, and I confess that, if I had known he would be there, I should have hesitated to let you accept Lady Wetherby's invitation. You will understand that I mean nothing more than I say; only I think it right to tell you—in case you do not already know it—that the coincidence of your leaving London simultaneously and meeting in Yorkshire will be commented upon. Under the circumstances,

I think it well that you should join me as soon as possible, and I have arranged to move down to Lynton, where I have secured a house for the summer months, somewhat earlier than I had intended. I have sent some of the servants to make preparations. Willie's holidays, as you know, will begin in about a fortnight's time, so that you will have a more powerful motive for coming south than any mere wish of mine could supply. I should, however, much prefer your quitting your present quarters early next week."

Marcia thought this missive ungenerous, unmanly, and ungentlemanlike, and she mentally applied all these epithets, besides some stronger ones, to it. It was, at any rate, unwise and unprofitable; for after she had perused it she resolved that nothing should induce her to leave Wetherby a day sooner than she had originally purposed; furthermore, she determined that she would no longer deny herself the pleasure of talking to Mr. Archdale when she felt so inclined. What had she done to be treated with such distrust? Certainly, if she had been minded to forget her duty, it would not have been Lady Wetherby's precautions or Eustace's suspicions that would have roused her to a keener sense of it. So she had not a word to say against Archdale's proposal that they should stroll across the garden towards the shrubberies which adjoined Lord Wetherby's famous coverts, nor did she resent the reproachful accents in which he inquired why he had been sent to Coventry for a week.

"I haven't sent you to Coventry," she answered; "but I don't wish Laura to think that I asked you to come here and she evidently does think that you are only here because I am. I warned you in London, you know, that she would."

"Yes; and I told you that I hadn't the slightest objection to her being aware of the truth. Have you any objection?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "I have a strong objection to being worried," she replied, "and of late everybody seems to have entered into a conspiracy to worry me. The worst of them all is my husband, because he doesn't really care in the least what I do or who my friends may be."

"Does Mr. Brett consider me an undesirable friend for you?" Archdale inquired.

"Oh, I suppose so, or else he considers it undesirable in the abstract that I should have any friends at all, except women. But, as I told you, he doesn't really care

one way or the other. This morning I had orders from him to proceed as soon as possible to Devonshire, where we are to spend the summer — and what an enjoyable summer it will be! He has taken a house at Lynton — have you ever been there?"

Archdale had not visited that picturesque neighborhood, but had long desired to make himself acquainted with it, and hoped ere long to carry his wish into effect.

"Only not this year, please," said Marcia, laughing. "I should be delighted to see you, but I'm afraid Eustace would not; and, as I don't know a single soul in those parts, it is very essential to my comfort that Eustace should be kept in a moderately good humor."

Her companion made no immediate rejoinder; he was walking beside her with his hands in his pockets and his eyes bent upon the ground. "I don't know," he began at length, "whether I am going to say anything shockingly immoral, but it does seem to me a great pity that marriages can't be dissolved by mutual consent. Why should one be made to suffer all one's life because one has fallen into a little mistake in one's youth?"

There are obvious reasons for the existence of such a state of things, and Marcia recognized them. She did not, however, think it necessary to state these for Mr. Archdale's benefit, but merely observed, "Little mistakes lead to great disasters; it's the way of the world and there's no help for it. Still, I sometimes think it is rather hard that experience should be such a useless thing. If one could begin all over again, one would know better and act differently; but one can't begin again."

"No," agreed Archdale, sighing; "one can't undo what is done; but one is surely entitled to get such happiness out of life as remains possible. Every man and every woman has a moral right, for instance, to the choice of friends."

"Very likely; but claiming a right isn't always the way to ensure happiness, I'm afraid."

They continued to beat about the bush after this fashion for some little time longer. Neither of them perhaps quite entered into the sentiments of the other, yet there was a mutual understanding between them which was probably sufficient for immediate purposes. Marcia did not care to disguise the fact that she had no love for her husband, while Archdale was extremely anxious to make it clear that, if

he himself were in that fortunate man's place, no wish of hers would remain ungratified. His manner was more subdued and more respectful than usual; he said very little which might not have been said in the presence of Lady Wetherby, and Marcia, who was conscious of having allowed her tongue far too much liberty, could not but feel grateful to him for his moderation. Also it must be confessed that his companionship and his sympathy, which was insinuated rather than spoken, were delightful to her.

Delightful, too, were the stillness and fragrance of the summer night and the moonlit vistas of the woods, which they had now entered. It was not surprising that amid such surroundings and in the interchange of half-confidences, they should have lost count of time; still less surprising, perhaps, was it that they should have lost an even more important thing, namely, all accurate knowledge of their whereabouts. When at last Marcia consulted her watch she gave a cry of dismay. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Do you know that we have been out more than an hour? We must go back at once."

And very shortly after this it was that the difficulty of finding their way back became manifest to both of them. To the unaccustomed eye one shooting-drive is exactly like another; they had already sauntered along three or four of these, and if they now turned to the right instead of to the left they only obeyed the instinct which sways most people who have omitted to provide themselves with a compass.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Archdale at length, "but it's useless to disguise the truth, and the truth is that I haven't the faintest idea where I am — have you?"

"I know that I am in a dense forest which appears to have no limits," answered Marcia, with a vexed laugh. "The only thing to be done is to follow our noses. Wetherby may be in front of us or behind us; but if we walk straight on I suppose we shall reach the open country before we die."

Archdale could suggest no better course, and, indeed, the result of adopting it was moderately successful, since, after twenty minutes or so, they did emerge upon a hillside whence the chimneys of Wetherby could be descried; but it took them the best part of another half-hour to reach the house, where they met with the reception which their behavior seemed to have merited. The men had adjourned to the smoking-room and some of the ladies had

gone to bed; but a few still remained with Lady Wetherby, and these evidently approved of the annoyed tone in which she addressed the wanderers.

"We thought you must be lost," she said. "I was just going to send out men with lanterns to search for you. Where have you been?"

"We were lost, but we are found again," answered Archdale, who was not easily disconcerted. "You ought to have sign-posts put up in those woods of yours, Lady Wetherby; the Hampton Court maze is nothing to them."

Marcia did not attempt to excuse herself. She knew very well that a jury of her own sex would never acquit her and that it would be a mere waste of breath to back up her companion's statement; therefore, she only said that she had had a long tramp and was tired out; immediately after which she took up a bedroom candlestick, wished everybody good-night, and retired.

Archdale was preparing to imitate her when Lady Wetherby laid a detaining hand upon his coat-sleeve. He could not disobey that intimation, so he remained resignedly where he was until he and his hostess were left in sole possession of the drawing-room, when he remarked, "Now I am going to catch it, I suppose. All the same, we *did* lose our way."

"Very likely you did," returned Lady Wetherby curtly. "I have nothing to say about that except that you had no business to lose your way; but one thing I am quite determined about, and that is that I will not allow you the chance of making such a blunder again. I am sorry to appear inhospitable, Mr. Archdale, but I must ask you to go away to-morrow and not to come back until Marcia has left us. You know as well as I do what these people must have thought."

"I give you my word," answered Archdale, "that I am as innocent as a new-born babe. We should have been back ever so long ago if we hadn't unfortunately taken the wrong turning."

"Oh, of course; and in your innocence you will take the wrong turning again on the earliest opportunity. Now, Mr. Archdale, I am going to be perfectly candid with you. I don't know whether you are a gentleman in the sense that I understand that term or not; but, from the little that I have seen of you, I should think that you had principles of a kind and a vast stock of selfishness. Well, if you go on as you are doing, the chances are that you will cause a permanent rupture be-



tween Marcia and her husband. You wouldn't like that, I presume."

"Really," answered Archdale, who, naturally enough, did not relish being told in such plain language that he was no gentleman, "if I possessed the power that you give me credit for, which I don't at all admit, I should not feel that I was guilty of any great crime by exercising it. Her husband is evidently a brute."

"No, he is only an ordinary, honest man who is clever in some ways and stupid in others; but that is neither here nor there. What I am sure you wouldn't like would be the responsibility of having upon your hands a woman who was separated from her husband through you. I don't pretend to be quick at reading character; but I think I can read yours well enough to understand that much. You had better leave her alone, Mr. Archdale. Anyhow, you can't refuse to be telegraphed for to-morrow morning."

"Of course I can't," agreed Archdale, smiling. "I will be telegraphed for, then, and I will leave by the first train. Nevertheless, you will perhaps excuse my saying that your remarks are almost as unflattering to Mrs. Brett as they are to myself."

Unflattering they might be; but he felt that, at least in so far as they bore reference to himself, they were true. He had no liking for tragedy nor even for that kind of serio-comedy in which the serious element predominates. He adored Mrs. Brett; but he knew that he could live without her, whereas, under existing circumstances, he certainly could not live with her. Therefore it would, without doubt, be right and wise to absent himself from her until such time as his emotions, and possibly also hers, should have become more amenable to restraint. In all honesty and sincerity he desired to do nothing wrong and to harm nobody — least of all himself. He perceived that sooner or later he would have to execute a strategic movement of retreat, and painful though it was to him to be driven away from one to whom (for the time being) his whole heart belonged, there was consolation in the thought that he was being driven away, that he was not retiring of his own free will. He slept quite soundly that night, and on the following morning before breakfast he was summoned up to London. However, he thought himself bound in common civility to leave a note for Mrs. Brett, in which he expressed deep regret at being compelled to go away without wishing her good-bye, and added that he looked forward to meeting

her once more in the autumn, if, as she had given him to understand, he must not venture to invade her summer quarters.

## CHAPTER XII.

### WILLIE'S FIRST HOLIDAYS.

MR. BRETT had been not a little vexed to hear that Archdale had followed his wife to Wetherby. His sister-in-law, Caroline, who had obtained this information from some source or other, had hastened to impart it to him, and had not failed, while doing so, to point out that such an encounter could hardly be the result of mere chance. He himself had difficulty in believing it to be wholly unpremeditated; so that, although he preferred blaming Archdale to blaming Lady Wetherby or Marcia, he felt that it was his duty to remove the latter as soon as might be from an equivocal position. He managed to arrange an earlier date than had been fixed upon for the commencement of his holiday; he composed the letter of which a portion has been quoted to his wife, and he journeyed down to Lynton in the confident expectation that she would join him there at once. He did not often issue instructions or even express wishes, but when he did so they were usually complied with; therefore her reply, which reached him two days after his arrival in the far-west locality where he had decided to spend the summer, gave him both surprise and annoyance.

"I am sorry," Marcia wrote, "that you don't like Mr. Archdale; but I can't say that I wonder at it, because you never do like the people whom I like. Luckily, however, he left this morning, and I shall not now have to make myself ridiculous by cutting short my visit here. I should be curious to know who has 'commented upon' the coincidence that you speak of if I couldn't form a tolerably good guess. Pray assure Caroline, with my love, that she is not likely to have the satisfaction of hearing that I have eloped with anybody. You may expect me when Willie's holidays begin; I shall probably pick him up at Farnborough, and bring him with me."

Mr. Brett was at least as averse to making himself ridiculous as Marcia could be, and he was not at all sure that he had escaped committing that act of gratuitous folly. In any case, he did not see his way to despatch a second summons, and he wished with all his heart that he had not been in such a hurry to move down to

Devonshire. It was desperately dull in that beautiful but remote spot; deprived of his work and his club, he did not know how to get through the long hours, nor could he keep himself from brooding over the disappointments of life, by admiring the changing colors of cliff and moorland or gazing across the Bristol Channel at the faint blue outline of the Welsh coast. To be sure, things would not have been much better if he had had Marcia with him; but that was scarcely a consolatory reflection.

Marcia, meanwhile, found it a very consolatory reflection that her husband had hastened away from London to no purpose. She stood in some need of consolation, because Archdale's precipitate exit had provoked her very much, and she was not so simple as to believe in the telegram which he had put forward as an excuse.

"I suppose this means that you have turned him out of the house, Laura," she took the first opportunity of saying to her friend.

"I didn't exactly turn him out," Lady Wetherby replied composedly, "but I don't deny that I requested him to go. It was entirely your own fault, Marcia, and I am not a bit ashamed of myself; so you needn't scowl at me. What possessed you to lose yourself with him in the woods?"

"As if one did that kind of thing on purpose! I ruined my frock, and a new pair of shoes, and now—thanks to you—everybody believes that I made that sacrifice for the sake of the man whom you have chased off the premises!"

"Do you suppose that they would have believed anything else if he had remained here? Nothing that you or I could have done would have made them believe that you really lost your way; but I thought to myself, that at least I could take measures to prevent the repetition of such a disaster, and I took them accordingly. Episodes of that kind *are* disasters, you know, Marcia."

Marcia declared that she did not see that at all, and added that only those amiable persons who were always hoping that some disaster might happen to their neighbors would take such a view of an everyday occurrence. She was much incensed against her friend, who ought, she thought, to have stood by her more loyally, nor was she best pleased with Archdale for submitting with meekness to a sentence of banishment. However, she forgave him when she took into account the absolute impossibility of staying in a house the mistress of which has requested you to

quit it; she was, besides, all the more ready to forgive him because she felt sure that he must have gone away very reluctantly. In the course of a day or two she felt able to forgive Laura also, seeing that there was, after all, some justification for the scruples of a lady who was nothing if not conventional; she did not, however, forgive Eustace, for whose insulting innuendoes she could find no justification at all.

Poor Mr. Brett did not deal in innuendoes, and certainly had not meant to be insulting. He only wrote once from Lynton to his wife, and that was merely to say that he would expect her upon the date which she had named. So luckless was he, that Marcia, instead of giving him credit for unselfishness, took this to be but one more proof of his utter indifference. "All he cares for is to avoid scandal," she thought. "Now that he knows Mr. Archdale is out of the way, he wouldn't mind if I remained out of the way too until doomsday."

Nevertheless, the day upon which she set out from Wetherby to join him was a joyful day for her; for, although there might be no love lost between her and her husband, there was love enough for twenty between her and her son, whom she was going to meet. At least, she hoped that there was. In her case, at all events, separation had brought about no lessening of affection; but of course she could not feel quite so sure of Willie as she did of herself. A boy when he goes to school, like a girl when she is introduced to society, turns over a fresh leaf in the book of life; he learns a great deal of which he has hitherto been ignorant or has but dimly suspected; he sees the world and humanity with other and clearer, perhaps also with sadder eyes; all of a sudden he becomes a rudimentary man, and in putting away childish things he sometimes puts away childish love and faith with the rest. And to Marcia, who could not know this by experience, but divined it by the aid of that maternal instinct which never errs, was nervous and flustered when the train drew up at Farnborough Station.

But there was Willie waiting for her, with his portmanteau and hat-box, and as soon as he caught sight of her his round face became illumined with smiles, and a minute later she was kissing him and crying over him—though there was nothing to cry about—and she knew before he opened his lips that he was her own dear boy still, and that this first contact with a world which is full of ugly and dishearten-

ing experiences had not changed or spoilt him.

Of course she had taken very good care to bribe the guard and keep the carriage to herself. Presently she made Willie stand away from her, and surveyed him critically from head to foot.

"You have grown quite an inch," she said, "and you are improved—oh, yes! you are improved. You look stronger, and your shoulders are broader; I think you will be a tall man. Ah! well, I suppose I shall always wish you were back in petticoats again; still it's something to have a son big enough to take care of his poor old mother. Now tell me all about yourself and what you have been doing; for I have heard nothing yet. You don't write at all nice letters, do you know?"

The boy laughed, flung himself down beside his mother, and, putting his arm round her waist, laid his head upon her shoulder just as he had been wont to do in former times.

"One can't say things in letters," he answered; "what do you want to know?"

She wanted to know everything. Who were his friends? had the boys bullied him at first? had he fought any of them? was he getting on well at cricket? And then, as an afterthought, she inquired whether he was taking home a good report from the head master. "Because your father is sure to ask about that at once and make a fuss if it isn't perfectly satisfactory."

Fortunately, Willie was able to reply that his father would have no cause to complain of the report that he had in his pocket; and this was the sole allusion made to Mr. Brett in the course of a long and happy afternoon. In answer to the other questions put to him, Willie had a great deal to say; and all that he said was delightful to listen to, not only because he incidentally revealed his capacity to take care of himself and hold his own amongst his companions, but because it was so evident that his mother still held the first place in his heart. It gave her a passing spasm of pain at her own to remember that she had sometimes forgotten him when she had been enjoying herself; indeed, that she had tried to enjoy herself in order to forget him; whereas he had always been thinking of her, and had treasured up the incidents of his best days to relate to her. But now she was reassured; she would never try to put her boy out of her mind again; his love was sufficient for her, and so long as he cared for her it was little enough that she would

trouble her head about Mr. Archdale or anybody else whose friendship might have seemed worth having as a *pis-aller*.

And, being thus light-hearted and content, she was less cold than she had intended to be when, after the long drive from Barnstaple to Lynton, they reached their temporary home and discerned the tall, spare figure of Mr. Brett, who had walked out to the gate to meet them.

"Here we are, Eustace," she said, jumping out of the carriage, "and we are dying of hunger; so I do hope you have ordered an enormous dinner for us. What a pretty place!"

"I am glad you think so," Mr. Brett replied, with his grave smile.

It was unquestionably a very pretty place, and if Marcia admired it in the twilight she admired it still more the next morning, when a fresh breeze was blowing in from the Atlantic, and when she looked from her bedroom window upon the sunlit expanse of sea and the towering headlands of the coast line. The house which Mr. Brett had taken stood upon the very verge of the cliff outside Lynton and was surrounded by a small garden, where only a few flowering shrubs had managed to survive the fury of the prevailing gales. Far beneath lay Lynmouth, a confused mass of dwellings, collected round the mouth of the little river whence the town takes its name, and by stretching out of the window, and turning her gaze inland, Marcia could catch a glimpse of the woods through which the Lyn hurries down towards the sea. Her first thought was that she and Willie would have some happy days and walks together, boating and fishing; and her second—which made her smile—was that Eustace would very soon have had enough of Lynton. Eustace did not care for sailing, was not an angler, and had no taste for country walks. It seemed reasonable to expect that he would ere long find himself irresistibly attracted towards the city which he could not ask his wife to inhabit during the summer and autumn.

She had forgotten that Mr. Brett knew how to ride. Her forgetfulness was excusable, because this was an accomplishment which he rarely displayed, and in which he could scarcely be said to excel. He had, however, bethought him that Willie would like to have his pony, and he had had one of the carriage horses sent down for his own use; and so it came to pass that on the very first day the father and son went out together for a gallop over the moor, and Marcia was left out in

the cold. This was a disappointment; but she bore it uncomplainingly. She wanted the boy to enjoy his holidays, and she wanted him to acquire some knowledge of horsemanship. After all, if he had not gone out with his father, he would have gone out with the groom, and she would have been equally deprived of his company in either case. What she had not reckoned upon (for how was she to know that hunting ever took place in summer?) was that the Devon and Somerset hounds would advertise two meets in the neighborhood in the course of the ensuing week, and that Willie would be wild with excitement at the thought of a run with them. On the first occasion he and Mr. Brett were absent from early morning until dinner-time, when they returned weary but triumphant, having seen plenty of sport and passed through some thrilling experiences which the boy recounted breathlessly. Marcia listened, and tried to be interested, and was in some degree interested. She had had a dull time of it; but she would not, perhaps, have resented that if the jealousy which was a part of her nature had not been aroused by certain evidences of a good-fellowship between the father and the son which had never appeared before.

She astonished Willie that night by entering his bedroom, just after he had laid his tired head upon the pillow, and saying abruptly, "This is what I have always dreaded; you care more for hunting than you do for me, and very soon you will care more for your father (who cares for nobody) than you do for me. Oh, what a miserable thing it is to be a woman!"

The boy opened his sleepy eyes wide and the corners of his mouth dropped.

"What is it, mummy?" he asked in dismay; "what have I done?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Marcia, half laughing, half crying, and a little ashamed of herself; "it is natural, I suppose, and you can't help yourself. Only, you see, I have had a miserable day all alone here, and I had been hoping that you would take me out for a sail, and — and — oh, well it doesn't matter; but, Willie, if you ever love him better than me, you will break my heart!"

There was no danger of her heart being broken from that cause. She received assurances the sincerity of which she could not doubt, and on the following day it was to Mr. Brett that the part of odd man out was assigned; for Willie and his mother, having obtained the requisite permission, went off up the river with a fish-

ing-rod and a luncheon-basket, and only reappeared at nightfall. Doubtless there was some lack of generosity in the satisfaction which Marcia felt on noticing that her husband was in one of his most querulous moods; but it is only human to desire that others should experience what they have inflicted on ourselves, and have an opportunity of judging how they like it; besides, she meant to be very generous on the morrow, which was the day appointed for the second meet of the stag-hounds. She had made up her mind that she would not grumble at being left, that she would fill up the day by clearing up arrears of correspondence, that she would perhaps go out for a walk in the afternoon and would rejoice unselfishly in the thought that Willie was having a fine time of it.

But when, quite at variance with her custom, she came down-stairs early to give the sportsmen their breakfast, lo and behold Willie had not donned the cords and boots of which he was so proud! and presently he announced quietly, in answer to some remark of Mr. Brett's, that he was not going to hunt that day; he was going to take his mother for a sail instead.

Mr. Brett frowned and assumed the aspect which was familiar to unfortunate persons who knew that it meant "forty shillings or a month."

"You must not get in the way of being capricious, Willie," said he; "that is a privilege which is supposed to be reserved for ladies. The horses have been ordered and we shall have to start in ten minutes."

The boy looked down without replying, and after a pause Marcia — though she knew she ought to hold her tongue — could not help pleading, "But if he doesn't want to go, Eustace!"

Mr. Brett smiled somewhat disagreeably and said, "Is it not rather you who do not want him to go? However, I will leave the choice to him this time. You can hunt or sail to-day as you please, Willie; only you must clearly understand that if you decide upon sailing I shall not take you out with the hounds again. Boys must learn to know their own minds."

He was neither a cruel nor a stupid man; but there was some defect in his perceptions which sometimes caused him to do cruel and stupid things. He really believed that he was right to place the boy in that dilemma; he did not understand that no human being with a particle of spirit could yield to such a threat.

Willie raised his eyes, which expressed some regret, a little compunction, and a touch of perplexity, but answered without hesitating, "I'd rather go out sailing, please."

"Very well," returned his father briefly, and at once left the room.

Marcia caught the boy's hand and pressed it to her lips. "Oh, how good you are to me!" she exclaimed. Her face was beaming with joy and triumph; probably that moment was one of the happiest that she had ever known.

Willie laughed and looked pleased; yet it was evident that his mind was not quite easy nor his pleasure wholly unalloyed. "I say," he asked, after Marcia had been expatiating for some minutes upon the fun that was in store for them, "do you think he was awfully sold?"

"Who?—your father? I hope he was, for I am sure he deserved to be. I never heard of anything so shabby as his saying that he wouldn't take you out hunting again. But he will when the time comes; we needn't bother about that now. And don't you flatter yourself that he will miss you; it is only I who am wretched when you are out of sight."

"Well, I don't know," said Willie musingly; "he was quite—quite jolly, you know, the other day while the hounds were running."

Marcia burst out laughing. "Eustace jolly! Well, let us hope that he will be jolly again to-day when he joins them; for I suppose he intends to go."

Mr. Brett, however, had no such intention, and Willie guessed that, though his mother did not. Nor, in all probability, did she guess that the poor little fellow had made what for him was a very great sacrifice in order to please her. It was her nature to accept sacrifices, sometimes even to demand them, and in this little scene, which had brought the character of the three persons concerned so singularly into prominence, she had comprehended only one point—but that, to be sure, was a most important one—that Willie loved her best.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD NAPIER OF  
MAGDALA.

ON the occasion of the somewhat sudden but scarcely premature death of Lord Napier of Magdala, a wave of sentiment passed over the land. The public, as rep-

resented by the press, seemed to be suffering from remorse at not having, when he was in life, sufficiently appreciated the deceased field-marshal. A host of lengthy, florid obituary notices were published; skeleton sketches of his career appeared in every newspaper, even the minor poets fastened on him as a theme, and the authorities, halting betwixt a desire to satisfy at once the popular cry and the economical instincts of the Treasury, while they gave him a public funeral in St. Paul's, curtailed the number of troops which, according to the queen's regulations, are allotted as escort to the corpse of a field-marshal. No sooner, moreover, had his remains been placed in the tomb than a public subscription was organized to erect a memorial—presumably a statue—in honor of the gallant soldier who had passed away. In short, he was written about and treated as a great commander who had only needed an opportunity, refused by the stupid blindness of successive governments, to leave a permanent mark behind him on the military history of the country.

Was the vague and highly pitched praise of this good, gallant, and single-minded old soldier justified? Have we not in placing him in the national Valhalla afforded a proof that we have lost all sense of proportion. Have we not from pseudo-patriotic vanity insisted, notwithstanding the sterility of the age, on putting forward Lord Napier as a man worthy to rank with the great military commanders of the world's history? Or was he really one of the foremost of England's generals, whose only misfortune was that his merits were recognized too late? To these questions I propose to give an answer which, when the personal interest dies out and the matter can be examined with cold impartiality, will, I hope and believe, be found to coincide with the verdict of the future historian.

Robert Cornelis Napier, born in Ceylon in 1810, was the son of Major Robert Napier, Royal Artillery, by Catherine, sister of Sir Edmund Carrington, of Chalfont, Bucks, who was the son of Mr. Carrington, of Barbados. Educated at Addiscombe, he obtained, in 1826, a cadetship in the Bengal Engineers, his commission as second lieutenant in that corps being dated 15th December, 1826. No young man landed in India with less chance of attaining success, for he was absolutely without interest of any kind, and had nothing but his own merits to depend upon. His life for many years



was uneventful, save for his marriage to the daughter of Dr. Pearse, inspector-general of hospitals at Madras. In 1841 he became captain, and his good but unobtrusive work having won him the approval of his superiors, he was about this time appointed executive engineer at the newly established station of Umballa. This station he laid out, taking care, he said, to give the occupants plenty of breathing space. In the Sutlej campaign of 1845-46 he first had an opportunity of showing his qualities as a soldier. As chief engineer he fought at Moodkee, on the 18th December, 1845, when his horse was killed under him, and at Ferozeshah, on the 21st and 22nd December, 1845, when not only was his horse killed, but he himself was severely wounded. Nevertheless, in a little over seven weeks he was again in the saddle, fighting at Sohraon as brigade-major of engineers. Subsequently, as chief engineer, he was present at the siege of Kangra, in the Punjab, for his performance of which duty he received the thanks of government, while for his share in the campaign he could point to a mention in despatches, a brevet majority, and a medal with two clasps.

At the close of the war he was appointed consulting engineer to the resident at Lahore, and spent the next two years in barrack-building, road-making, reporting on irrigation canals, and displaying so much ability that he evidently won the complete confidence of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, and his successor as president at Lahore, Mr. John Lawrence, and Sir Frederick Currie. When in 1848, Moolraj raised the flag of rebellion at Mooltan, Major Napier was at Lahore, and his advice on military subjects seems to have carried with it much weight. In Sir F. Currie's correspondence with the commander-in-chief and the governor-general, Major Napier's opinion is constantly quoted. When General Whish's field force for the siege of Mooltan was formed, Major Napier was appointed chief engineer, and we find him, on the 6th September, 1848, at a council of war, recommending an attempt to capture the town by a *coup de main*, as he considered an immediate moral effect necessary. It was determined, however, to proceed in form. The result was a heavy loss and a delay in the taking the town till 2 January, 1849. On the 13th September, Major Napier was wounded in the leg by the graze of a cannon ball. After the arrival of the Bombay column Brigadier Cheape became commanding engineer of the force, Major Napier continuing to act

as chief engineer of the Bengal column. On the 2nd January, Major Napier, who never allowed himself to be detained long from duty by wounds, accompanied Brigadier Markham's column in the storming of the town, and was spoken of in the brigadier's report as having rendered very valuable services. The citadel surrendered on the 22nd January, and in his final report of the operations of the siege, General Whish, in his despatch to the adjutant-general of the army, favorably mentioned Major Napier. We next find the latter at the battle of Goojerat as commanding engineer of the right wing; he is spoken of in despatches as having rendered great service by having not only carefully reconnoitred the ground on the day before the battle, but having in the course of the action examined the enemy's positions. In the subsequent pursuit by Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert of the Sikhs of Raoul Pindie and the Afghans to the Khyber Pass, Major Napier accompanied the force as commanding engineer. For his services in this campaign he received a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy and a medal with two clasps.

The campaign over, Colonel Napier reverted to his engineering duties in the Punjab, and for several years was actively employed in road and canal making, barrack-building, etc. Much of the Grand Trunk road across the Punjab was constructed by him, and he was always especially proud of that difficult engineering work, the road from the plains up to Murree. Many endeavors have since been made to shorten this road, but without success, so well was it originally laid out. His civil labors, were, however, occasionally interrupted by military duties. In 1852 he commanded a column in the mountain campaign against the Hassanzies on the Black Mountain, for which he received the thanks of government; and in 1853 accompanied the expedition against the Borees in the Kohat district, for his services in which he received the special thanks of government. In 1854, presumably for his services in the two above, he was made brevet lieutenant-colonel. I may here mention how his soldierly qualities impressed the late Major Hodson, himself one of the most fearless and brilliant soldiers of his day. Writing to his wife while employed in the Eusofzai campaign, Hodson says of Napier, "He is the most lovable man I know in this country, and a Bayard in courage and generosity." In 1856 he was summoned to Calcutta to assume the post

of chief engineer of Bengal. Possibly there may have been some desire on the part of the government to employ him where his, as they deemed it, extravagant notions about expense might be more easily controlled. He had indeed spent the public money while in the Punjab at a rate which had drawn down upon him the remonstrances, not only of the late Lord Lawrence, then chief commissioner, but also of the governor-general and the board of directors. It was at John Lawrence's request that Colonel Napier had been appointed in 1854 chief engineer of the Punjab, and he ever retained the strong personal regard of his somewhat unsympathetic chief. As to the warm-hearted Henry Lawrence he felt to Napier as a brother, and when the latter quitted the Punjab, he on parting from his deeply attached friend, said to his sister, "Kiss him. He is my best and dearest friend." That two such differently constituted men as the two Lawrences should have given him their friendship is indeed in itself a testimony to his worth of the highest value. But to return from this digression. Great as John Lawrence's regard for Napier was, and considerately as he dealt with him, he was compelled by a sense of public duty to frequently address to him official rebukes. Speaking of Colonel Napier, Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his life of Lord Lawrence, thus sums up his character : —

He had traversed the country for himself from end to end, and he was well acquainted with its capabilities and its wants. More than this he was a man of vast ideas. He had something in him of the "great-souled" man of Aristotle — the *beau ideal*, as the whole of his subsequent career has proved him to be, of chivalry and generosity. If a thing was to be done well, and without a too close calculation of the cost, Napier was the man to do it. His ideas found expression in those splendid public works which are the pride of the Punjab, and are still a model for the rest of India.

And again : —

Robert Napier, with his magnificent ideas and his regardlessness of expense, was a help and a difficulty . . . Everything he did was well — probably it could not have been better — done . . . Napier, conscious no doubt of his great powers, and as fond of work almost as John himself, wished — as it was only natural that he should — that as many public works as possible should be started and completed in the best possible manner and in the shortest possible time.

Hence money was spent on public works so lavishly that John Lawrence was obliged, to use his own expression, to

"put the screw" on the chief engineer. For, in a private letter to Napier, written in August, 1855, he says : —

I knew that the accounts were generally in arrears, but I did not know that so many works were going on without valid authority, as has subsequently appeared to be the case. Had I received your indexes, progress, and reports, and similar returns with ordinary punctuality I should have sooner seen the necessity for interference.

Two days earlier he had written to Lord Dalhousie. In this letter occurs the following passage relating to Napier : —

He is all for pushing on works or originating new ones. But he dislikes details and accounts of all kinds, and cannot find it in his heart to censure any one under him. Indeed his feelings incline him to defend any one with whom one finds fault. He has also no proper idea of economy.

It may be added that Napier, indefatigable as regards open-air work, was somewhat inclined to indolence in the office. How highly, however, John Lawrence thought of him when a given piece of difficult work had to be done may be judged by the fact that, when some years later he was asked whom he would send to Abyssinia he replied, " — would do pretty well, but if you want the thing thoroughly well done go to Napier." Another good judge of capacity, in 1848, bore testimony to his merit. This was Herbert Edwardes, who, when he had driven Moolraj into Mooltan and was chafing at the inaction of government, asked only "for a few heavy guns, a mortar-battery, a few sappers and miners, and Major Napier to look after them."

Colonel Napier had been but a few months at Calcutta when the rebellion — falsely called mutiny — broke out, and Napier was, where he always wished to be, in the field. His distinguished services during the campaigns of 1857–1858 are so well known that I shall only cursorily allude to them. Chief of the staff, to Outram, in the advance on Lucknow and reinforcement of the garrison of the Residency, he in one of the subsequent sorties was severely wounded. After the relief of Lucknow he remained at the Alumbagh as chief of the staff, for wounds never laid him up long, however grave their nature. At the capture of Lucknow he was brigadier and chief engineer, receiving for his services mention in despatches and the decoration of C.B. Sent to central India in command of a brigade, he took part in the capture of Gwalior. At the head of a

flying column of sixty of the 14th Hussars, five hundred irregular cavalry, and a battery of Horse Artillery he defeated Tantia Topee, who had taken up a strong position with twelve thousand men at Jowra Ali-pore, capturing twenty-five guns. This, one of the most brilliant operations of the war, was won by a rare combination of tactical skill and unsurpassed daring. He subsequently, at the head of a division, reduced the fort of Powrie, and eventually, after taking an active part in the pursuit of Tantia Topee, succeeded by negotiation and stratagem in capturing that leader. I have heard it said in India soon after the events related that Napier, though an engineer officer, proved himself in this campaign a most able cavalry commander. For his services he was mentioned in despatches, made a K.C.B., and received the thanks of Parliament. He was also granted a medal and three clasps.

In the campaign of 1860 in China he commanded the second division, and played a distinguished part in the campaign, especially at the capture of the North Taku Fort, in which the work was done—in conjunction with the French—by his division, aided by the whole of the artillery, which were placed under his orders. For his conduct during the campaign he was mentioned in despatches, thanked by Parliament, promoted to the rank of major-general, and appointed military member of the governor-general's council. In 1865 he became commander-in-chief at Bombay, and in 1868 was appointed to the command of the Abyssinian expedition. While preparing for the latter, some considerable differences of opinion took place between him and the Bombay government. Napier insisted on employing a larger force than was deemed by the governor necessary—the event showing that the former was right—and refused to start till all the preparations in the shape of stores, transport, etc., had been completed. Napier, notwithstanding his gentle, courteous manner, was ever firm when he knew himself to be in the right, and gained his point.

The events of the campaign were not sensational, and are well known. We need therefore not enlarge on them. Of actual fighting there was very little. There was scarcely any scope for strategical or tactical skill, and it may be fitly described as an *étappen* campaign, where success depended on road-making, transport, and the guarding of the line of communications. The difficulty was not to beat but to reach the enemy. Nevertheless, everything was well and thoroughly done,

though, as usual with Napier, at enormous cost. Where, however, Napier's character came out so well was where he, the most sensitive and humane of men, determined to run the risk of the massacre of Theodore's prisoners sooner than accept the proposals of peace. Raised to the peerage, thanked by Parliament, and given the grand cross of the Bath, it cannot be said that he was not sufficiently rewarded for his success.

In 1870 he was appointed commander-in-chief in India, holding that post for the regulation five years, during which period nothing special occurred, and no important reform was associated with his name. He, however, showed himself thoroughly conscientious and firm in the performance of the difficult duties of his high office. Modest and unassuming, much of the good that he did escaped notice; but he was unceasing in his endeavors to promote the moral and material welfare of the troops, carefully inspecting the barracks and frequently visiting the hospitals.

From 1876 to 1882 he was governor of Gibraltar. During this time this country was apparently on the point of war with Russia. He was summoned to England in order to consult with the government, and so highly was his capacity esteemed, that though he was without experience of European war, he was selected for the command of the expeditionary army. With the command at Gibraltar his active employment came to an end, the termination being fittingly marked by the bestowal on him in 1883 of the baton of field-marshal. He had already in 1867 been made a G.C.S.I., and in 1874 a colonel commandant of Royal Engineers. His last honor was the bestowal on him in 1887 of the constablenesship of the Tower of London, his predecessors in which office having been some of the most illustrious of English generals, including the Duke of Wellington. Looking back on his career, and while recognizing his worth and services, bearing in mind the fact that his only separate command in the field was in Abyssinia, I cannot admit that the sovereign and the country have been ungrateful to him. He was an able military and civil engineer, a soldier who was alike physically and morally fearless, an able general of division, one who performed thoroughly every task entrusted to him, but it is an abuse of terms to speak of him as a great commander. Had he led a British army against the Russians in 1878 he might have shown himself such, but it is idle to discount the future, and it is impossible

to say what fame he would have reaped had his sphere of work been larger than it actually was. It was the amiable chivalrous qualities of the man which have induced many who have uncritically examined the facts to speak of him as if entitled to take place among those whose names have been recorded in history as rulers of war on a large scale, to hint at slight, neglect, and failure of appreciation, and to insist on giving him a place in the temple of fame.

In conclusion a few words about him as a private individual. In his domestic life he was most happy and beloved, and his second marriage was at least as happy as his first. Unostentatious to a degree, he was most liberal with his purse, not only in supporting charities, but in assisting poor relations. Nor was it money only he contributed, for he gave his time as freely to institutions chiefly connected with the army — of which he was so great an ornament. The Officers' Daughters School, the Soldiers' Daughters Home, the Gordon Boys Home, and many other similar institutions have great reason to mourn his decease, while he was ever ready to speak in the House of Lords whenever topics relating to the welfare of the army were discussed. His life was eminently pure, simple, religious, and modest. No man ever more enriched the peerage which he won with his sword, for he was clear-headed, clever, chivalrous, courteous, and gentle, especially to women, a perfect specimen of a knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Quiet in society, he nevertheless enjoyed it, and his wonderful memory and polished manner rendered his conversation most attractive. As to the officers of his staff, who enjoyed the best opportunities of knowing what he was, they were simply devoted to him. In short, all who knew of him admired and respected him, while all who knew him loved him.

W. W. KNOLLYS.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
FRENCH-ENGLISH.

VOLTAIRE was fond of asserting that he was the first Frenchman who made England and English literature known to France. Unless one insists on absolutely literal accuracy — and when an author is speaking of his own merits it is vain to expect this — Voltaire's boast may very well be allowed to pass. The famous

Frenchman had spent nearly three years of the prime of his life in England; he had formed friendships with all the prominent Englishmen of the day, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift among them; he had studied the English language and English literature with indefatigable attention; he had actually published in London a still not uninteresting little book written in the English language; and in a series of brightly composed letters he had revealed to his own fellow-countrymen the new English world which he had thus discovered for himself. An extraordinary number of the most distinguished Frenchmen of the eighteenth century followed Voltaire in visiting England, and as one of the smaller results of this closer intimacy between the two countries a very considerable number of English words began to find their way into the French vocabulary. This number was very largely increased after the battle of Waterloo, when French aristocrats and other *émigrés* who had passed their years of exile in England returned to France, and took back English words with them. The introduction into France of something which had at least the show of constitutional government made a further opening for such English words as bill, budget, speech, pamphlet, meeting, jury, verdict. The English railway movement contributed to the French language the words coke, rail, wagon, tender, ballast, express, tunnel. Sport, too, supplied a very considerable number. Sometimes the English origin of the word was very thinly concealed by a slight disguise, so that we are all familiar with "boule-dogue" for bull-dog, "redingote" for riding-coat, and "bouligrin" for bowling-green. French writers of the present day carry this process very far indeed. One can hardly take up a modern French novel without lighting on such words as "spleenétique," "flairtage," "lynchage," "snobisme," "blackboulage," "clownique;" while the number of such infinitives as "shopper," "yachter," "toaster," "interviewer" is simply endless. But the way in which the modern French writer rushes into a bold and profuse employment of English words without any French disguise at all — and, of course, usually in a ludicrously incorrect way — is really not very far removed from a mild form of literary mania.

"Inglis is spike hier." So runs, or used to run, in some hostelry in the Pas de Calais, a friendly greeting intended for the delight and information of the wander-

ing Englishman. Really, on the title-page of nine out of ten of French novels of the day the author should give his English readers a similarly honest warning by telling them that "Ingliš is write hier." Let us see the "Ingliš" as the Frenchman writes it for us.

He is generally very great indeed in all matters connected with sport. Among the commonest of all common words in French books nowadays are "sport," "jockey," "groom;" and we are all familiar with "le boxe," if "sportique" and "turfistes" are not of quite such frequent occurrence. The French novelist knows all about the doings of the English "sportman" and "sportwoman," and when the English national game comes in his way he can tell you that among "le crickets" the two most important characters are the "batman" and the "bowman." He is charmed when he contemplates a young "mees," a young English "sportwoman," playing at "lawn-tenni," or, as he sometimes phrases it, "un lawn-tennis." To the Englishman, on the other hand, what can be more delightful than to behold a whole company of cheerful Frenchmen and Frenchwomen abandoning themselves to the irresistible fascinations of a "rallye-paper"? M. Georges Ohnet, he of the "Maître de Forges" and of the numberless editions, revels in "rallye-papers." Hardened garrison-officers, equestrian ladies, dukes on their mail-coaches, young men in their "bogheys," and the inevitable huntsman with his horn and hunting-knife and "knickerbokers" — "knicker-boots" they sometimes are — follow up this sport with intense enthusiasm, and celebrate its conclusion by a "gigantesque lunch." The "rallye-paper" is the French version of the sport dear to English schoolboys as a paper-chase! French readers refuse to be wearied with descriptions of the noble game, till in the current French novel the "rallye-paper" is as great a nuisance as in the average English novel is the mad bull — which, if you only knew, is really an exceedingly tame and gentle animal, full of nothing but a pleasant playfulness — from which it is always the hero's duty to rescue the heroine.

In a story which very lately appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* one of the characters is a Scotch baronet who invites some French friends to his moors to shoot "grouses." In another we are informed that a French gentleman proposed to organize "des steeple" in the neighborhood of his country-house. "Steeple" is of course the French-English for "steeple-

chases." Doubtless the races in all these "steeple" were won by what another well-known French novelist, M. Henry Rabusson, oddly enough calls "*hacks* de pur sang." A thoroughbred hack!

With English sport on water the Frenchman is equally familiar. He knows all about the English "rowigmen;" all about the English "milord's" yacht with its comfortable "births" and its crew of eight or ten vigorous "jacks tar" — descendants of the men who in the old days manned our "woodens bulwarks;" all about our "cruising," the "squifs" in which we row and the "warfs" at which we land. The French writer who knows England so well as the man of letters who chooses to call himself M. Philippe Daryl actually speaks about "the crew which gained the prize at the great regatta between Oxford and Cambridge." Surely M. Daryl might know that all this is what his French compatriots indifferently call "humbog" or "humbugh."

Let us pass from the world of sport, and observe the French writer's performances when the English world of letters is his theme. We read of such authors as Dean "Swift" and Charles "Kinsley," such characters as "Peckniff," such English literary masterpieces as the "Vicaire of Wackefield" and the "Bidge of Sighs." It is delightful to hear our Frenchman talking complacently of Mr. William Morris's poem, "The Earthen Paradise." Of course he can speak fluently of Darwin and the "struggle for life." M. Daudet, in his latest novel, "L'Immortel," has wonderfully good times with this famous phrase. Ambitious men, anxious to push their way to the front in the world, are by M. Daudet denominated "strugforlifeurs." After this it seems tame to be reminded by another French novelist that among the "go head" people of the United States, where the women are in large excess of the men, the "strugforlife" assumes the form of a "struggle for wedding." (In the Mormon State, to be sure, this struggle is in abeyance, for here we are in the region of "spiritual's husband" and "spiritual's wives.") Returning to literature, it is refreshing to learn that Sir Walter Scott wrote a novel entitled "The Heart of Midlotian." A no less personage than a French count, who in 1887 published a volume under the style of "L'Ecosse jadis et aujourd'hui," has a chapter on Scott in which, among other oddities, we read of "Dande Dinmont" and find the following pleasant quotations: —



And far beneath  
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:  
Like some tall rock with lichens gray  
Seen'd dimly nuge, the dark abbey.

The corbells were cared grotesque and grim;  
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts to trim,  
With base and with capital flourish's around.

The same enthusiast is also on familiar terms with the Ettrick Shepherd. Can he not quote from Hogg?

The noble clan Stuart, the bravest of ale.

The native country of Scott and Hogg, the land of "Salisbury Craigs," the "Tolbooth" Prison, and the "Banatym" Club, the country whose native "Highlanders" wear the "kelt" and eat "very yood herreng," fares badly at the hands of the distinguished Madame Adam. Skobelev once spent an evening with the two famous war correspondents, Forbes and MacGahan, singing songs for their amusement in French, German, Russian, and Italian. Remembering the nationality of one of his guests, he concluded with something Scotch, and this, as Madame Adam tells us in her pamphlet on Skobelev, was "Aug Lang Sygne."

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* very recently contained a critical estimate of Mr. Lecky's historical writings. What, according to the French critic, are the titles of Mr. Lecky's books? "The Leaders of the Irish Opinion," "History of the Rise and Influence of the Rationalism," and "History of the European Morals." Just imagine a prominent English writer criticising, say in the *Nineteenth Century*, the works of one of the most distinguished contemporary men of letters in France, and yet absolutely ignorant of the use of the French definite article! Another English title-page has also recently gone wrong. *Le Siècle*, referring to the late Richard Jefferies, and informing us in passing that he was born in "the Wiltshire," places among his works one which it speaks of as "Le Patron de Jeu chez lui." To turn the "Gamekeeper at Home" into the "Gaming-House-keeper at Home" is hard on an author.

A French dramatic critic recently burst out with enthusiasm: "Who does not know 'The Midnight' of Shakespeare?" This was the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" of the divine William's. M. Georges Ohnet is also acquainted with the "Schyllock" of the same author. Longfellow, we are told, was the author of "Hiacoutha." The reader of Anthony Trollope's autobiography will doubtless re-

member that Trollope's first published story brought in to its author "douze cents francs, six shillings, et neuf pences." The Mrs. Frances Trollope of the same very literary family is known to the Frenchman as "Mistress Trollops." M. Alphonse Daudet gets a shade nearer correctness when in "L'Evangéliste" he alludes to this lady as "Mistress Trollope." M. Catulle Mendès, translating a story by Edgar Allan Poe, speaks about "Myster" Blackwood, and "le Blackwood Magazine." English magazines and reviews, indeed, fare almost exceptionally ill at the hands of the literary Frenchman. The "Edinburg" Review is a mere peccadillo. A canon of Clermont Cathedral, and member of many learned societies, writes about "le Gentleman Magazine." The *Foreign Review* appears as "le Foreing Review," just as the Frenchman insists on talking of the "Foreing Office," and we have such curiosities as "le Macmillian magazine" and "The Englisch woman's Rewiew."

Indeed, proper names of every kind are a constant stumbling-block. There is one initial difficulty in this department with which the French writer has terrible times. He cannot manage the abbreviations. "Mrs." is always "Mistress" when it is not "mistress" or "missis," and the word, as M. Max O'Rell in one of his little books is careful to inform us, is to be pronounced "missise." If a French writer ever does venture on the "Mrs." the result is almost always a mockery. A volume written by a French visitor to England in 1886 contained various references to, let us say, "Mrs. Black and Jones." This, if not altogether satisfactory, was at least an improvement on the unhappy "mistress." But the grateful English reader had not gone far before he discovered that "Mrs. Black and Jones" were bank directors, and it very soon became evident that "Mrs." was only the ingenious Frenchman's way of writing "Messrs."

An English gentleman is always "mister" when he is not "myster." One French author is careful to tell us how to use this word in really good and idiomatic English. Suppose, says he, one should wish to translate into English the following French sentence:—

MONSIEUR, — Je vous annonce l'arrivée de M. votre fils, William Johnson, à Paris.

This is the correct English version:—

SIR, — I inform you of the arrival of your mister son William Johnson at Paris.

The famous M. Cherbuliez, in one of

his novels, makes an English lady sign her letters as "Lady Aurora Rovel." In a story in last year's *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mr. E. A. Bond, late chief librarian of the British Museum, figures as "sir Francis Bound." Another French writer tells us that short, pet names for English girls and boys are, for instance, "Bettesy," "Enry," "Cary," "Tomy," "Samy." The correct way to speak of Mr. Young, junior, is to call him "Young-Younger." In the estimation of the French novelist ordinary English proper names are such as "Holophern Rush," "mister Higglingsbottom," and "M. Jasper Stiffneckham." M. Armande Silvestre revels in such appellations as "le révérend Jack Botum," "mylord Humphrey Littleboob," and "Lord Doublebeett." Another writer gives us "Colonel Cowentry" and "Sir Hug," who also appears as "sir Hug Esquire." Rich Americans are of course represented as men of title; while the only correct and really English way of addressing a "baronnet" is to call him "milord." "Milord Chatam" is as correctly as a patriotic Frenchman can be expected to spell the name of the first Pitt. Whether "sir J. Bright" is or is not a "baronnet" does not appear; perhaps he is only an instance of "knight-hood." Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, was lately, "le home secretary." It is also well to remember that a common parliamentary title is "the right honourable," when, indeed, it is not "honourables sirs."

But let us pass on; for, as the Frenchman reminds us, "times is money." Let us wander into the department of "highlif." A party in very "highlif" indeed is spoken of as a "house-party extra cream." This is the world that is "ob-or-nob" with princes and dukes; that goes to the selectest "pique-niques;" that, as one authority tells us, takes "lunch à cinq heures," or, as a more knowing hand has it, drinks tea at "fiveoclocque;" that rides in "breaks" or "breaks" that are always arriving "au grand trot;" the world for which "the season opens by the University Boat-races;" the world in which the woman's duty is "shopper," the man's "yachter," and every one's "luncher" and "flirter." This is the world where the lord says to his visitor, "*Gentleman, asseyonsnous et caissons*;" where, say at the "Gaity's" theatre, one young blood addresses another with "Aoh! my old fellow!" and where ladies, gentlemen, "clubmans" — free from any vulgar mixture of "goody-gaudy" persons — accost one another with "un vigoureux shakehand." These are the

delightful people who flock to the play to see a "Scrape of Paper," neither can Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan ever weary them with "Her Majesty's Pinafore." Whether they care so much for the performances of the "Solfatonic" College or of the "Musical Antiquarium Society" does not appear. It is not probable, however, that they would be much exhilarated by the doings of the "Christi" Minstrels, or, as the same company figures elsewhere, the "Christian" Minstrels; but they would certainly flock in crowds to "Saint-James-Hall" to hear the tenor who is known indifferently as "Seems-Reeve" or "Seems-Rews." In May you are sure to meet them all, with a fair sprinkling of "clergymans" among them, gazing at themselves (and at the pictures) at "Burlington Academy," which seems like the name of some suburban educational establishment. It was for all these rich and distinguished persons that in 1867, when the Exhibition filled Paris with foreigners, of whom the English were not the fewest, a French writer sat down to produce a guide-book. He meant it exclusively for "highlif" and the fashionable world, but his mastery over the English language was hardly equal to his daring in the use of it. In his preface he cheerfully announced himself and his guide-book as the "*vademecum de tous les snobs*." This indeed is, as a contemporary French baron curiously remarks, "*Oh! quite!! too!!! utter!!!!*"

With the every-day life of our streets and the ways of the London "cokneys" the Frenchman is just as familiar as with "highlif extra cream." In the old days he used to know all about "Wauxhall," or "Faxhall," and "Ranelash;" now he is equally at home in "Saint-John-Wood," "Cambden Town," "Saint-Gilles," or the "Hay-Marbret." He studies our public charities and can tell us all about our "alm'shouses;" he investigated the doings of the defunct Board of Works, and is great upon the "metropolitan-building-sact." He knows that the Londoner travels on the "metropolitan" or other railway with "trough-tickets" or "thought-tickets;" that he escapes from London altogether by "excursions-trains," or travels by night in "sleeping cars;" that he buys the flower for his button-hole from the "flower's girls," and his newspaper from the "new-boys," or the "paper's boys." For his evening paper the "skilful workman" need not pay more than a "demi-penny." If he wants "a grog," or "a wisky," can he not go to the "spirits

shops," or to the "cidery cellars," or to the "cole-hole" Tavern in the Strand, or to the "bar du Wapping"? With his "breeakfast" egg the Londoner eats some "toasts;" he can consume a couple of "sandwichs" at any odd moment; he can do wonders in the way of consumption of "beefstecks," "bifteks," "beefteaks," "beefsteacks," and "rumsteacks." If he dines with "le lor-maire" he of course eats "a turtle-soup;" if he cares to drink in the American fashion, he can have "kocktels" and "sherry-gobler." In Ireland, as we read in a Home-Rule story by M. Elie Poirée, he will doubtless be able to find the hostelry kept by "Michael Snydden, licensed to sell wines, bier, and spirits, no licenseds sundays."

The device of the Yankee, a French writer assures us, is, "Catch money, my son, honestly if you can, but catch money." The device of the modern French novelist is "Catch English, my pen, correctly if you can, but catch English." Let him persevere, and the correctness may come in time. On this linguistic side, we will apply to him his own felicitous quotation: "Cheer, boy, cheer, you will see better days." Meanwhile, we will readily admit to him that the laugh is by no means all on our side. Our novelists, and especially our lady novelists, far too often find their native English insufficient for them, and boldly plunge into French with the most extraordinary results. But a consideration of this side of the subject would be more interesting to French than to English readers.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MOUNTAIN STUMPS.

THE fine old crusted American traveller (now, unhappily, becoming extinct before the spread of culture) used often in the good old days, when he pervaded Europe in six weeks, surveying it from end to end, as per Appleton's "Guide," with cheerful promptitude, to astonish one's ears from time to time by his complacent numerical estimate of natural beauties. He carried in his mental pocket an imaginary foot-rule, by whose aid he meted and compared all European greatness, either physical or spiritual. "This cataract," he used to say, with statistical exactness, as he posed himself, supercilious, before the Swallow Fall, or the Linn o' Dee, "is fifteen feet high by seventeen wide, and runs at the rate of four hundred cubic feet per min-

ute; whereas the Falls of Niagara are sixty feet by half a mile," or whatever else the particular amount might be, "and they precipitate each moment a body of water equal to fourteen times the volume of the Thames at London Bridge and at high tide, mean measurement." From which stupendous facts, poured forth irresistibly, the inferior British intelligence was supposed to draw an immediate inference that the Swallow Fall was scarcely worth looking at, and that Niagara could whip the Linn o' Dee into a cocked hat if it only seriously made its gigantic mind up to post the stakes for an international contest.

The March of Intellect, however, or else the Zeit-geist, or some other *deus ex machina* of the epoch, has now perhaps persuaded almost all Americans, except Mr. Andrew Carnegie, that you can't measure scenery by the cubic foot. The leaven of Boston has begun to leaven the whole mass. Florence is not as big a town, it is true, as New York; but even New Yorkers will cheerfully admit at the present day that the Bargello has points not to be observed in the City Hall; that the Pitti Palace contains certain objects not precisely to be equalled in the Metropolitan Museum; and that Giotto's campanile may claim more consideration from the candid tourist than the tower of Trinity Church in Broadway. The trade of Venice is undoubtedly inferior to the trade of Philadelphia; but the Piazza of St. Mark's has attractions scarcely to be met with in any part of Chestnut Street. The Mississippi is a much bigger river than the Rhine; but it doesn't take its rise in the heart of Switzerland, or roll its glacier-fed stream past the crags of the Drachenfels. And so forth *ad infinitum*.

It is just the same with mountains. Their essential mountainhood can no more be measured by height above sea level alone, than Salisbury or Lincoln can be measured against the Capitol at Washington by that simple footrule which Mr. Carnegie wields with relentless hand, as the surest means of comparing Texas with the United Kingdom. The intelligent traveller must have observed for himself, indeed, in almost every country of the world to which his native instinct and Mr. Cook's coupons have led his wandering steps, how many undoubted mountains there are which hardly rise above a few hundred feet. On the other hand, he must have noticed long chains of hills or downs which reach in places a highly respectable altitude without ever in the remotest de-

gree suggesting any claim to the mountainous character. Dear old Gilbert White of Selborne (one is always expected to refer to Gilbert White in terms of somewhat supercilious but demonstrative affection) alludes in one of his exquisitely naïve letters to the Sussex South Downs as "that magnificent range of mountains." To anybody who knows what a mountain means, the phrase, as applied to Cissbury Hill or the Devil's Dyke, seems little short of grotesque. The Downs have, no doubt, a singular charm and beauty of their own; no Englishman could ever wish the shadows on their hollow combs to grow less; but theirs is distinctly the beauty of gentle undulating hill country, the idyllic beauty of tender turf and smooth native lawn — as different as possible from anything which the phrase "a magnificent range of mountains" calls up before the mind's eye of an Alpine climber or a Cook's tourist of the nobler sort.

It would be hard to find anywhere a better example of the short and stumpy mountain here contemplated than the tors of Dartmoor. There you get in full perfection all the mountain characteristics in a square block of country which hardly rises higher than many upland tracts of central France or Germany. What is it that makes Dartmoor so distinctly mountainous, while Leith Hill is merely a broad sandstone slope, and St. Boniface Down at Ventnor nothing better than a huge boss of overgrown sheepwalk?

The answer is, because, geologically speaking, Dartmoor is the last relic of an old prehistoric mountain range. It is what it looks — the worn stump or basal wreck of a huge and ancient Alpine system.

Nor is that all. These remnants of mountains which we find scattered about over the face of the globe everywhere are full of interest from the incidental light they cast upon the history and vicissitudes of continents. We are accustomed to talk about the eternal hills; but these ruins show us how the eternal hills themselves wear out in time as surely as the knees of our boys' knickerbockers. We think of the Alps and the Himalayas as very ancient piles; and so they are, compared with the pyramids or the Eiffel Tower; but these older ranges force us to acknowledge in turn that in many cases to be "as old as the hills" is to be a great deal older than the highest mountains. In fact, we shall see, when we investigate them in detail, that the greatest existing chains are for the most part of very recent

date — mere modern upstarts — while the oldest and most venerable mountains on earth are generally worn away to mere stumps or tail-pieces.

The ancient volcano of Mull in the Hebrides is a splendid typical, middle-aged example of these worn-down peaks; or, rather, though comparatively young, it exhibits well the phenomena of premature decrepitude. In its present state, the Mull volcano very remotely indeed resembles Etna or Vesuvius; it is only by an act of reconstructive imagination that the tourist who visits it by the Clyde steamer from Glasgow can see it once more raising its snow-capped cone high into prehistoric clouds, and pouring forth floods of liquid lava over the astonished plains of tertiary Scotland. But if his imagination has undergone the proper scientific education (this kind of thing takes a deal of training) he will be able to perform that difficult feat of second sight (as Sir Charles Russell would say) without a moment's hesitancy. The whole island of Mull, in fact, is nothing more than the mere weather-beaten base of some vast, prehistoric Teneriffe or Stromboli, which once towered into the air with its volcanic cone as high as Etna, and smoked away from its angry crater as vigorously as Chimborazo itself.

At the present day this ruined volcano of Mull is seen, as it were, sliced across its base, so as to lay bare the very centre and ground-plan of the mountain. Geologists find this a great convenience, as sections of active volcanoes at the present day would be both difficult and expensive to obtain. Judging by the breadth across the foundations now exposed, the peak in its best days must have had a diameter of nearly thirty miles; and by the analogy of its modern sisters elsewhere, we may conclude that in its palmiest and most vigorous period its cone rose some ten or twelve thousand feet above sea level. We can still make out in the rocks of the district the dim story of the various stages by which the great mountain was gradually built up, and still more gradually rubbed down and worn away again. The outer circle of the island consists almost entirely of antique lava currents, now hardened into basalt, or of volcanic tuffs and showers of pebbles. The centre is composed of the once active vents and craters themselves, filled up at present with molten masses of gabbros and dolerite. We can even trace various ages of the lava, some of the streams having flowed from earlier and others from later

craters; and the eruptions vary in the character of their composition as modern lavas vary at different periods.

Now the volcano of Mull, though ancient enough as men reckon age in their own history, was, comparatively speaking, quite a recent mountain—a thing of yesterday as we compute time in geology, perhaps little more than a couple of million years old or thereabouts. It was in full blast during either the Miocene or the Eocene age, which I will not insult the intelligence of the present generation by further describing as the early Tertiary period. Even our women nowadays learn geology at high schools and give points to Macaulay's schoolboy. I may mention, however, that we know this date owing to a very curious accident; for, as a rule, the age of volcanoes is as difficult to determine as that of unmarried ladies, owing to their ashes and lavas naturally enclosing nothing in the way of fossils to guide us to their origin. We can say, of course, that the mountains are later than the beds which they disturb and alter by their intrusion; but how much later has to be left, as a rule, to pure guesswork. In the case of the Mull volcano, however, the lavas have been kind enough to preserve for us a distinct clue somewhat of the same sort as that preserved by the Roman remains at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Between the different layers of basalt which mark the various successive lava-streams there occur in places thin beds of clay, on which fossil impressions of leaves are found in considerable numbers. These clays represent the quiescent periods between one eruption and the next, and the leaves embedded in them are those of the trees that grew upon the slopes of the mountain in its lucid intervals. They are interesting on many accounts, both because they bear witness to the very mild and almost sub-tropical condition which then prevailed over the whole of Scotland and England, and because they enable us with tolerable certainty to fix the approximate geological date of the days when the volcano was still in full activity. Fossils, indeed, are the true landmarks of geological chronology.

Caledonia in those days, to judge from these remains, far from being stern and wild, enjoyed what its modern hardy natives would probably describe as a "saft" climate. Huge conifers, like the "big trees" of California, and belonging to an almost indistinguishable species, then covered the slopes of Mr. William Black's

beloved Highlands. Beside them grew ancestral pines and yews, with the parent forms of the plane, the alder, the buckthorn, and the laurustinus. All these plants, with the contemporary cinnamons, figs, and evergreen oaks, bear close likenesses to the modern Mexican types, and show a climate at least as warm as that of Georgia or South Carolina. As to age, the trees belong either to the Eocene or else to the Miocene period (experts, of course, are at daggers drawn over the precise era to which they should be assigned), when scarcely a single quadruped now living on earth had begun to assume its familiar shape. They go back to the days when strange tapirs and crocodiles haunted the flooded banks of some mightier Thames, and when the gigantic deinotherium and the unshapely mastodon shook with their heavy tread the higher hills of Gloucestershire.

Still, geologically speaking, the volcano of Mull is quite a recent and almost historical mountain. How, then, has it come to be reduced so soon, as by some heroic course of Banting, to such small dimensions? Well, the answer doubtless is, because it was a volcano. Had it been a good, solid, rocky mountain, the same through and through, like Somebody-or-other's tea, or like Mont Blanc and Mount Washington, it would doubtless have resisted the wear and tear of ages far more energetically. But what can you expect from a mere frothy volcano? Its cone is mostly built up of loose and spongy materials—ash and lapilli, and scoriac refuse-heaps—which make a great show for the money in the matter of height, but possess very little stability or fixity of tenure. As long as the crater goes on replacing the loss from wear and tear by constant eruptions, the cone continues to present a most imposing appearance to the outer eye; but as soon as the internal energies cool down, and the mountain sinks into the dormant or extinct condition, rain and storm begin at once to disintegrate the loosely piled mass, and to rub down the great ash-heap into a thousand valleys.

Denudation, indeed, as geologists call it, though slow and silent, is a far more potent destructive force in nature than the noisy, spasmodic earthquakes or eruptions to which ordinary humanity, scared by their bluster, attaches so much undue importance. Wind and rain are mightier than fire. The "devouring element" is really water. On the High Rocks at Tunbridge Wells some eighteenth-century



poetaster has hung a board inscribed with verses moralizing on the "prodigious power" that could rend asunder the living rock. Your modern geologist raises his eyes, and sees with a smile the "prodigious power" hard at work there before his very face — a tiny, trickling dribble of water, that oozes through the soft sandstone amid moss and liverwort, and slowly carries away, by a grain at a time, or rather by imperceptible atoms in solution, the seemingly coherent mass over which it dribbles. It is the same prodigious power, asserted over some ten thousand or so of our pretty centuries, that has worn down the volcano of Mull to its lowest base, and laid bare the very sources and entrails of the great mountain.

Rain, snow, and ice, however, or even the moving glaciers of the terrible Glacial Epoch, have not planed down Mull as yet to an even or level surface. The unequal hardness of the various rocks causes them to resist in very unequal degrees; so that the close crystalline materials filling the central vent, as Mr. Judd (our recognized authority on the habits and manners of volcanoes) justly remarks, stand up in the middle as big hilly groups; while the softer materials around have been largely worn away into corries and hollows. In places, the gradual removal by water agencies of the ash and tuff has left the large dykes (or masses of igneous rock formed in the fissures of the mountain by the outwelling of fiery materials from below) standing out like gigantic walls; and it is this that gives rise to those curious black inland cliffs, so characteristic of the scenery of Mull. On the other hand, the remnants of the lava-streams, hard and equal in texture, remain for the most part as isolated plateaux. The hills still left behind in the hard crystalline core have even now a height of three thousand feet; but this is a mere fraction of the ten or twelve thousand which the central cone must almost certainly have attained in the days when it rose majestic to the sky, crowned with wreathing smoke above, and clad below by a dark waving forest of colossal Wellingtonias.

Another one of these "dissected volcanoes," as they have been aptly termed, occupies (without prejudice to the claims of the crofters) the entire area of the Isle of Skye. This decrepit mountain has indeed seen better days. When it was young and lusty, in those same fiery, frolicsome Tertiary times, it must have risen as high as Monte Rosa or Mont Blanc, and smoked like ten thousand Ger-

man professors. To-day nothing remains of all that vast pile, says Mr. Judd, but the crystalline granite that fills up the huge fissures through which the eruption of molten materials once took place. It is these harder portions, sculptured into fantastic shapes by wind or weather, and carved out into domelike masses or wild rugged peaks that constitute the Red Mountains and Cuchullin Hills of Skye, and now rise some three thousand feet above sea level. The ignorant Southron who doesn't know the district and its Gaelic tongue may be warned parenthetically that Cuchullin is pronounced Coolin, according to the usual playful orthographic fancy of the Celtic intelligence, which always gives you good weight of extra consonants for your money; but if you can throw a little graceful guttural energy into the middle of the word it will be much appreciated by the friendly gilly. From the central masses of crystalline rock hard dykes radiate everywhere through the surrounding country, while isolated patches of scorix and pebbles ejected by the old crater have every here and there, under favorable conditions, escaped removal. The outskirts or fringes of the great mountain mass consist of flat-topped hills, the last undenuded relics of the outlying lava-streams.

In both these cases, owing to their comparatively recent date, it is still quite possible for the reconstructive geologist to trace in detail the history of the mountain, and to observe how large a portion even of the mere circumference has escaped destruction. Older ranges have suffered far more severely. The rain and wind have pounded and pummelled them for far longer periods, and to better effect. They stand to Mull and Skye as Stonehenge or Abury stand to Tintern or Bolton Abbey. Of this intermediate stage, that worn and flattened stump, Dartmoor, is an excellent example. It is older far than the Scotch volcanoes; the wide block of the moor consists entirely of granite, which was pushed up by internal forces early in the secondary period of geology, and has altered in character the coal-bearing rocks through which it has burst with eruptive energy. A great many curious little side indications enable us to trace the history of Dartmoor with moderate certainty through a vastly longer period than either of the big extinct Scotch mountains.

In its earliest state, Dartmoor too was a volcanic range; and Brent Tor seems to occupy the site of its ancient crater.

Ashes and cinders in small quantities still survive the wreck of so many ages, and mark out approximately the site of the cone so long removed by centuries of denudation. When the red sandstone cliffs of Devonshire were laid down beneath the Triassic sea, however, Dartmoor had already begun to be the prey of storm, rain, and torrent; for boulders of granite derived from its sides, and rolled down by rivers, are found in the pudding-stones and breccias of that remote age — the hardened masses of sea-beach and pebble which occur so abundantly around Budleigh Salterton and other villages of the coast. Later on, when the blue lias of Lyme Regis and the oolite of the Bath and Oxford hills were slowly accumulating in some antique Mediterranean, the site of England was mainly occupied by a warm basking sea, as Professor Ramsay has shown, surrounding an archipelago of which Dartmoor, Wales, and Cumberland formed the principal islands. In that age, too, fragments of Dartmoor got incorporated here and there in the surrounding sediment. During the long interval while the greensand and chalk were gathering in thick layers on the ocean floor, we get hardly a glimpse of the condition of the Devonian highlands; but in the Tertiary days, when Mull and Skye were in full blast, the little extinct lake of Bovey Tracey once more lets us get a passing hint of what was taking place among the granite shoulders of the antique volcano. For the entire basin of that small Miocene tarn is now filled up with some three hundred feet thick of white clay sediment, the waste of the granite crags of Dartmoor. It is of that clay, ready ground by ages of water action, that the Bovey potters make their well-known stoneware. Among the beds which supply it we still find leaves and other remains of plants essentially similar to those preserved for us beneath the Scotch lavas and basalts; Wellingtonias, cinnamons, liquidambers, and fig-trees, with climbing rotang-palms, and sub-tropical lianas.

Now, it is quite clear that a mountain range, exposed for so many ages to the wear and tear of rain and torrent, can't be as high to-day as when it was first pushed up to the summer skies of a Permian Britain. If Mull has had time to get worn down to three thousand feet, surely Dartmoor may be forgiven for only just exceeding its bare two thousand. It is highly creditable to the original hardness of its rock that anything at all of it should be

left after so vigorous a bombardment of rain and river. Indeed, there are great beds of sand and clay as far off as Poole, in Dorsetshire, which were almost certainly derived from the waste of Dartmoor. Now, any fellow can see at a glance that you can't remove whole square miles of detritus from a mountain range, and yet leave it as high as it was in the beginning. Dartmoor, to begin with, must have been a very massive mountain indeed, or there wouldn't be so much of it left after such continual planing. Hard as is the material of which it is composed, it could scarcely have outlived its long battering by rain and stream had it not risen at the outset to a conspicuous height above the surrounding level. At the present day the moor is worn down to an almost even tableland, from which here and there the very hardest portions rise as *tors* or *clatters* with their weather-beaten boulders above the general plateau. The tors themselves, in fact, consist of the very solid central nodules which have longest resisted the action of water, and they are sometimes perched on the top of the hills as logans or rocking-stones, like the well-known Nutcracker at Lustleigh Cleave. Dartmoor, in fact, gives us an excellent example of an antique mountain now in the second stage of degradation, still preserving its mountain character in its rocks and valleys, but flattened out on top by continuous wear and tear into an undulating tableland.

Far older and far more reduced to a mere stump or relic is that ancient range in Charnwood Forest, in Leicestershire, of which the low granite boss of Mount Sorrel is the most conspicuous modern survival. Here, indeed, we get a mountain in its last feeble state of dotage, sans peak, sans tor, sans glen, sans everything. Charnwood Forest, according to recent geologists, is probably the very oldest piece of land in all England; for it belongs to that very antique formation known as the Archæan, which dates back earlier than the time of any fossiliferous rocks whatsoever. No remains of living beings have ever been found in these very ancient grits, slates, and agglomerates; they seem to antedate the appearance of life upon our globe, at least in any form capable of being preserved to us as a fossil petrification. (Scientific readers are earnestly requested not to reopen the old and interminable Eozoon controversy. Spare the grey hairs of an unoffending citizen from postcard discussions of that insuffer-

able nuisance.) The Charnwood Forest hills are "the much-weathered and denuded mountain-peaks of an old pre-Cambrian land," says Professor Prestwich, "swamped and nearly hidden by the newer sedimentary strata which encircle it and fill up the depressions between each protruding ridge. It is a good example of the way in which the features of the early land-surfaces have been obliterated by later changes." That is the cold and unfeeling way in which men of science talk about the backbone of their fatherland!

How strange it is to think that these little hills, rising to some seven or eight hundred feet only, and scarcely known even to the intelligent schoolboy who has passed the sixth standard away from their immediate neighborhood, are yet immeasurably older than the Alps or the Himalayas, and had been already dry land for countless centuries, while the Pyrenees and the Rocky Mountains slumbered beneath the beds of primeval oceans! Yet even now, unable to keep a secret, they betray to close observers their volcanic origin. Bardon Hill consists entirely of solidified ash; Markfield is built upon a round boss of eruptive syenite; and Mount Sorrel itself stands out from the soft strata around as a worn kernel of hard pink granite. On every side of them the new red sandstone fills up the hollows between their ancient peaks, now worn as flat as an old Indian's teeth; but the remnants of the ancient hills still peep out here and there through the newer sediments, retaining sufficiently their primitive character even now to have gained for the most isolated and abrupt among them the significant name of Mount Sorrel, almost unique in England. Beyond this point it is well-nigh impossible for any mountain to degenerate, unless, indeed, it gets worn quite flat, and merges indistinguishably into the level of the surrounding plain.

And this is pretty much what has happened in places to the very oldest and most venerable mountain chain of all—the Laurentian range of Canada and the Great Lake Basin. At one time, there can be little doubt, this colossal system of ancient peaks, running right across the western continent from Nova Scotia and Labrador to the Missouri River, must have equalled in magnitude the Himalayas, the Andes, or the Rocky Mountains. It forms the first rough sketch and axis of America. But as it belongs to a period even earlier than the primary rocks of ordinary British geology—a period inconceivably and in-

calculably remote—it has been exposed for countless centuries to the wearing effect of rain, frost, snow, and rivers. In many places, therefore, the Laurentian range is reduced to a mere low plain of very solid gneiss, much scratched in strange hieroglyphics by the vast glaciers of the great ice age, and sometimes even hollowed out into beds of lakes, or traversed by the basins of existing streams. Many parts of it, occupied by great sheets of water, actually fall below sea level. Yet even to this day, in its dishonored age, the Laurentian country, however flat, preserves certain vague mountain characteristics in the bareness of its rocks, the picturesque detail of its sparse, pine-clad slopes, and the number and beauty of its wild torrent cataracts. You feel instinctively you are in a mountain country, though you stand in the midst of a great unvaried plain. The Laurentian region is like Scotland pressed flat, or like the Dolomites or Auvergne with the wrinkles ironed out of them. It has nothing in common with the great plains which have always been plains and nothing more—alluvial silt of river deltas—like Holland, Lombardy, or the flat centre of Russia.

As the oldest mountains are thus the most worn out, so, conversely, the highest chains are those of most geologically recent origin—the *nouveaux riches*, as it were, amongst the orographical aristocracy. From time to time the earth makes itself a new coat; but before long, as with other garments, the nap gets worn off, the elbows crack, and the seams become threadbare. All the higher ranges now known on earth are demonstrably not earlier in origin than the Tertiary times. Compared with venerable pensioners like Mount Sorrel or the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence basin, the Alps and the Andes are but things of yesterday. Auvergne may well look down upon the Pyrenees. The tops of some of the highest Swiss mountains consist of Miocene rocks; in other words, as late as the Miocene period, the year-before-last of the geological chronologist, the area occupied by the rearing crags of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn slumbered at peace beneath a deep sea, and received there the muddy or sandy deposits which now figure as rocks on the jagged Alpine summits. The upheaval of the Alpine axis was a very recent event; and most of the material which forms the snowy ranges was laid down on the ocean bed ages and ages after Dartmoor formed an island like Ja-

maica in the midst of a basking oolitic ocean.

Why is this? Simply because, in the nature of things, as soon as mountains have reached their highest point and ceased to grow—as soon as the movement of upheaval comes to an end—they must necessarily begin to grow down again rapidly, and to undergo disintegration on every side. There is no such thing, the moralists tell us, as standing still; either you are going up or else you are coming down again. So energetic is the work of denudation in the higher regions of the air, says Professor Judd (regarding the matter rather from the cool, scientific standpoint), that the elevated crags and pinnacles are being constantly broken up by moisture and frost at an exceedingly rapid rate. Glaciers and mountain torrents carry down heaps of boulders, mud, and moraine stuff with ceaseless activity to the valleys below. The rocks crumble away into sand or fine powder, and are washed slowly apart into those rude, angular masses that often strew the slopes and ledges. Landslips and avalanches help in the destructive work; even the sun's heat, the wind, and the roots of plants, all play their part in the constant warfare against the stability of the mountain. Now and then, whole shoulders fall off at once, as at the Rossberg, and later at Naini Tal, but oftener the work proceeds by constant instalments. Where such a high rate of disintegration as this is long maintained, it would be impossible for any mountain chain to exist unimpaired through the immense epochs of geological ages. Accordingly, all the great ranges of the earth at the present day are at the very furthest of Tertiary origin; and wherever we find systems of earlier date still surviving in our midst as hills or ridges, they are always worn down by continuous water action to the condition of the merest stumps or basal relics. In the course of a few million years or so more, the industrious Swiss farmer of the United States of Europe will be driving his electric plough over the low plain of the Mönch and Eiger, or sailing his automatic skiff above the site of Pilatus; while the Leslie Stephens and the Douglas Freshfields (if any) of those remote periods will be gaining deathless glory on the roll of fame by scaling the virgin heights of the Newfoundland banks, or falling headlong over the precipitous cliffs of the vast crags that will rear themselves sheer over the basin of the Baltic.

From The National Review.

#### CAN THERE BE A SCIENCE OF CHARACTER?

WHAT character is, and how we come to know it, are apparently elementary questions, which are yet paradoxically difficult to answer. For character means personality, and personality may be felt but cannot be explained. It is one of those conceptions which are apt under analysis to disappear like the intangible creations of Hawthorne which he himself describes as fading in a strong white light; and if we ask whether there can be and how there can be a knowledge of character, the answers are discordant and conflicting. According to common views, knowledge of character is a special sense, independent of concrete experiences. Yet the novelist and dramatist are frequently bidden to study, as though an increased experience would render their character-drawing stronger and truer. We are unhesitating in our judgments that such or such a person, in a romance or a drama, is or is not true to nature. Yet our aphorisms on the subject simultaneously tell us that we should and should not be guided by first impressions; that we know ourselves better than others, and yet that we must pray to have the gift to see ourselves as others see us. Education, history, literature, all demand a special acquaintance with the characteristic types of humanity. Yet we have apparently nothing better to offer as a theory of character than empirical observations, or a fortuitous study of certain well-marked types.

The celebrated "Caractères" of La Bruyère clearly come under some such description. They were avowedly founded on the *ἠθικοὶ χαρακτῆρες* of Theophrastus, the Lesbian *littérateur*, with reference to whom Aristotle is said to have remarked that the Lesbian wines are the sweetest. But though La Bruyère translated his Greek predecessor, his own studies were in reality less of types than of individuals. Theophrastus merely attempted to delineate certain ethical types with obviously didactic purpose; La Bruyère wrote also sketches of contemporaries, thinly veiled under names taken from the plays and romances of the day, with exquisite literary skill, it is true, but with an equal measure of what his friends might call *esprit* and  *finesse*, and his enemies simple malice. The *caractères* were extremely clever, and extremely desultory. They abounded in just and fine observation of the peculiarities of the author's countrymen, but the observation was at best

superficial and the art too much that of the photographer. As a literary performance, they probably deserve all the praise which has been liberally bestowed on them. They not only form in themselves some of the very best specimens of classical French, but they served as examples for much of the writing of Addison and Steele. But as a permanent contribution to the study of character, their value is very small. As one of La Bruyère's critics remarked, he is *trop descendu dans le particulier*. It is pleasant to read a minute study of one's neighbor's defects, but no one pretends that such an exercise of charity is a scientific performance. If we are to understand humanity, if we desire to get a reasoned basis for the art of education, we want something more than the polished essays of a *littérateur*. Can there be a science of character?

To a science of character there is one contribution which dates from quite ancient time, the so-called doctrine of temperaments. It was supposed by the physicians of antiquity that there were four primary components of the human body—blood, phlegm, and black and yellow bile—and the preponderance of one or the other of these in different persons produced their different temperaments. Thus, where blood preponderated there existed the sanguine temperament; where phlegm, the phlegmatic; where yellow bile, the choleric, while the black bile gave the melancholic or atrabilious temperament. The doctrine of temperaments served to express the various tendencies of different characters; thus the choleric disposed men to be precipitate and impetuous, while the melancholic was identified with caution, suspense of judgment, and timidity. Or, again, temperaments explained the tendency to different diseases. The sanguine was liable to inflammatory disorders, while on the other hand it could endure a greater amount of blood-letting. The phlegmatic, on the contrary, was exposed to such diseases as grow out of low vital energy. Ancient though this doctrine is, and though it was doubtless connected with absurd views, yet the theory of temperaments has a great deal to say for itself. Even the somewhat arbitrary number of four is supported by modern physiologists. It is exemplified in individuals, in races, in different periods of life. For example, it may be said that the French are sanguine, the English melancholic (they take their pleasures *moult tristement*, as Froissart says), the Spanish and Italians choleric, the German

phlegmatic. More generally still, the Caucasian race is sanguine, the Mongolian melancholic, the Negro phlegmatic, the Malayan choleric; and so, too, the temperaments might be distributed with some plausibility among the four periods of human life. Melancholic is probably a bad term; it should rather be, as Lotze suggests, sentimental. For what is meant by the temperament in question is a general receptivity of emotions of every kind and value, æsthetic, imaginative, poetic, etc., together with an indifference towards bare matter of fact, and little inclination for hard work. The sanguine temperament is distinguished by great rapidity of change and lively susceptibility. Natural in the case of children, and advantageous to the beginnings of culture, it is, if found in adults, symptomatic of immaturity, and we call them grown-up children. So, too, again, the phlegmatic temperament, the natural temper of advanced age, is distinguished by slow, but not necessarily weak, powers of reaction, while the choleric means, according to Lotze, a one-sided activity and great energy in single directions. Its fine effect is called steadiness and firmness, its uncomely aspect is described as obstinacy. The fact is that the various affections of the mind can be classed as either strong or weak, swift or slow. Different combinations of these at once give us the four temperaments. Strong and quick means the choleric; strong and slow the melancholic or sentimental; weak and quick, the sanguine; weak and slow, the phlegmatic. Moreover, the temperaments are clearly connected with, or dependent on a physical basis, not however, so far as we can see, on the constitution of the brain, but rather on the habitual condition of the internal and visceral organs, and the coloring they give to feeling.

Closely connected with these attempts to distinguish character is the effort to distinguish between the mental characteristics of the two sexes. This is a very difficult subject, on which one naturally shrinks from being dogmatic. But we may begin with a few certain physical facts. Just as the average woman is not so tall as the man, and does not weigh so much, so, too, in the same proportions does she eat less and drink less, breathe less and is—so we are told—less easily suffocated. The pulse of woman is quicker than that of man; her blood is not only less in quantity, but also of lighter specific gravity, and contains fewer red corpuscles. In physical configuration there is a strik-



ing difference. A man's body forms an oval, with its greatest diameter through the shoulders; a woman's body is an oval, which is widest across the hips. The woman has the more undulating outlines, the man a more angular build. Perhaps it is not wholly fanciful to found on this last fact the conclusion that while women, because they have a greater bodily likeness to one another, have a greater conformity also to a general mental type, men tend to be more individual and less similar in their characters. But, of course, it is only of a general tendency that we can speak in this reference. When we come to special mental characteristics, which distinguish the two sexes, we are involved in controversy. It is with great hesitation that I venture to propound the few following propositions; and I only do so because they, or something like them, have been put forward by great authorities.\* There is probably no particular difference in the intellectual capacity between men and women; the apparent difference is generally due to the *difference in emotional interests* and the way in which these interests have prescribed the course of their intellectual lives. There is no subject, perhaps, which a woman could not understand, but there are many things in which women could never learn to be interested. It is absurd to say, as has been said sometimes, that a man is attracted by the universal and a woman by the particular. As a matter of fact, it is clearly the woman who has a delicate instinct for generalizing and is disinclined to individualize. But a man loves to analyze striking phenomena, to find out what they mean, and what relation they bear to the general order of nature. It is the characteristic of the woman to hate analysis, and to prefer the contemplation of some artistically complete whole. Most mechanical inventions have been made by men; on the other hand, the manipulation of them is more successful in the hands of women. Masculine effort depends upon the conviction that general and abstract principles have a peculiar sanctity, while the feminine faith is that no general principle or form has an independent value, but that this value belongs to the concrete and living reality founded upon such principles. This is, probably, what is sometimes meant by saying that women are more practical than men. In them there is at all events the preponderance of a living tact over scientific analysis. They employ

a thousand delicate technical devices in their daily work; but they can with difficulty explain, they can only show what they have so skilfully accomplished. As a rule, it appears difficult for a woman to acquiesce in a suspense of judgment because the evidence bearing on the particular question is avowedly insufficient; they have a happy faith that there is some answer to every puzzle. It is also an old and true remark that women can much more easily suit themselves to new conditions of life, to a different rank in society and changes of fortune, whilst it is hardly possible for a man to efface the signs of his early training. Acquired habits have a stronger hold on him, and when the accustomed order is interrupted — when he cannot begin work at the same time as usual, or cannot have his dinner at the normal and expected moment — his general comfort is much more greatly disturbed. Of the four temperaments given above, it is clear that the sanguine and sentimental belong more conspicuously to woman, while the evidences of a phlegmatic and choleric disposition in woman strike one as more rare.

The most serious attempt to make a science of character is furnished by phrenology. The main position of the phrenologist, if scientifically stated, is this: that the different energies of the mind are associated with distinct portions of the cerebral substance, and vary in degree as they are large and small. From this we advance to the position that every mental quality has its distinct organ, and thence the transition is easy to the popular form of phrenology which attempts to discover bumps on the skull significant of the prominence of particular organs, and therefore of particular propensities. When once the rein is given to this kind of speculation, there is no end to the vagaries to which it may lead. Hence the discredit which has become attached to phrenology, which is due not so much to the original principle (for which, doubtless, much might be said), as to the deductions which have been drawn from it. The phrenologist first makes a division between affective faculties, which are more or less concerned with emotions and feelings, and intellectual faculties. The former are placed in the hinder portion of the brain, the latter in the anterior. The affective are divided into propensities, like amateness, philoprogenitiveness, combativeness, destructiveness, secretiveness, constructiveness, etc., and sentiments, such as self-esteem, love of approbation, benevolence,

\* Compare Lotze, *Microcosmos*, Bk. VI., ch. ii.

vation, ideality, etc. Then the intellectual faculties fall into three groups: first, external senses, like the senses of form, size, weight; secondly, perceptive faculties, like number, order, language, etc.; and, lastly, reflective faculties, such as comparison and causality. And with regard to all of these, the effort of the phrenologist is to find each and all not only a name, but also a local habitation. There are some forty different faculties in all, and consequently some forty different organs.

It is pretty clear, at the first glance, that such a way of regarding mental phenomena moves in a most fanciful and shadowy region. But it is worth while to try to see the reasons for this; and why it is that this kind of phrenology is scouted alike by the old-fashioned psychologist and the modern disciple of nerve-physiology. The main objection might be put in this form. The phrenologist, in his dislike of the one soul and spirit which was supposed to direct the various propensities of man, succeeds finally in substituting for that one soul a multiplicity of spectral souls. He peoples the whole brain with spectres. Each functional activity has its own special organ, each its own province and sphere of work, and according to this scheme, we have seated in the brain a parliament of about forty little men, each of which possesses only one single idea, which he is ceaselessly trying to assert. Here there are certainly two faulty notions involved. In the first place, the unity of the consciousness is wholly broken up. After all, each man is an unity, and whether he sees or feels or thinks or acts, he does it as a single personality. In the second place, there is a strong tendency to personification — a sort of anthropomorphism applied to the different faculties of man. Each organ — say benevolence — is considered as if it were a personal agent. An illustration may perhaps bring out these points. A child falls down in the street and cries piteously, and I am sympathetic. Let us speak of this incident in phrenological language. The organ of benevolence is clearly and primarily at work in me. But what was the object of my sympathy? A child? Then philoprogenitiveness is also active. How is the child to be helped? Shall I show him the way home? Then locality is active. Benevolence having as it were opened the debate with the idea, "here is some one suffering and help must be given," a host of other organs join. "Certainly," says the organ of Conscientiousness, "to help

a fellow-creature is a duty, and duties must be observed." "Dear little child," says Philoprogenitiveness, "I was always fond of children." "It will be easy to comfort the little thing," says Hope. Then there arises opposition, in the cerebellum mainly. "Don't make yourself absurd," says Love of Approbation. "The thing must certainly be well considered," adds Cautiousness. Finally, the impulse of activity, or something similar, closes the debate and gives a decision in favor of rendering help.\* Here, in this picture of a commonplace incident, we have an exemplification of the two forms of error above mentioned. There is the personification — for each organ is practically supposed to think, feel, will, and act for itself, each one hearing the cry, each seeing the child, each imagining the consequences. And there is also the endless divisions of what is after all the one self. For it is clear that in the phenomenon under investigation my whole brain, my whole self was engaged, although in very various degrees of activity.

To this general objection to the phrenological system may be added one or two more special criticisms. Science by no means supports the particular localization of organs, for which the phrenologist contends. To take only a single instance. Great stress is laid on the cerebellum by the phrenologists. Not only are the "bad bumps" (to use the language which has become popularized by this school) to be found chiefly in the back of the head, but it has been confidently asserted by both Spurzheim and Gall that that peculiarly bad propensity known as amativeness has been incontestably proved to have its seat in the cerebellum. "It is impossible," says Spurzheim, "to unite a greater number of proofs in demonstration of any truth than is presented in this case." Now the modern physiologist roundly denies that this is the case. Though the cerebellum is of undeniable importance in the life of the individual, its functions are apparently connected with the co-ordination of motion, for instance, in walking. There are many other points also in which science seems to disprove the phrenological hypothesis in detail, quite apart from the general attitude of objection which it assumes to the theory as a whole. That the brain as a whole is the organ of mind is demonstrated to the satisfaction of science; but as soon as we come to the

\* Cf. Lange's *History of Materialism* (English edition), vol. iii., pp. 123-4, from which the illustration is taken.

division of the brain into "organs," and further subdivisions to the extent as we have seen of about forty, science remains not only sceptical but actively antagonistic. Take one further point. If phrenology be taken in one of its most popular senses, as the science which maps out the skull into a number of sections, each labelled with the name of a particular propensity or faculty, there is the serious objection that the skull does not obviously correspond in its configuration with the brain which it encloses. One of the most clearly marked points in the surface of the skull is the coronal suture—the sort of break in the skull in the top. But this does not correspond with any particular division in the brain itself. The fissure of Rolando, which serves to divide the frontal lobes from the parietal, is a good deal to the back of the coronal suture. But if there is very little or no correspondence between the bony prominences of the skull and the convolutions of the brain, and if it is with the latter that mental distinctions are concerned, it is clearly of no particular importance to feel the skull for bumps. Of course the phrenology alluded to in this reference is only a very popular and absurd one; but it is the grave misfortune of phrenology that it seems to lend a sort of scientific sanction to all sorts of chicanery and imposture. It was its merit to have drawn particular attention to the connection of mind with material and physical functions; but it cannot give us in any true sense a science of character, still less a science of mind.

Is it possible, then, to have a science of character? Only in a rather vague fashion, making use of the larger psychological divisions, and filling in the wide outlines by concrete experience and careful and methodic observation. There is a three-fold division of mind, into (1) volition (*i.e.*, natural or spontaneous energy), (2) emotion, (3) intellect. It would be tolerably safe to make a division of character, according as one or the other of these three main divisions becomes especially prominent. We can have, that is to say, a character which is especially distinguished for its natural energy, or one which is remarkable for its emotional temperament, or one in which intellectual power is conspicuous. This is the principle according to which Professor Bain has arranged his study of character in the book which bears this title.\* The principle is, indeed, somewhat vague, and the divisions are

too large and comprehensive, and to this may be added the objection that most characters partake of all the three distinguishing classes of energy, emotion, and intellect, and that it is rather the relative proportion of the mixture than the presence of any one of these conspicuous types which makes the character what it is. Still something may, perhaps, be gained by this method, if we regard the divisions as expressive rather of types than of concrete personalities.

The energetic type of character, for instance, is a matter of almost daily experience. It is one which is not so much dependent on its muscular system as it is on its nervous system, especially on the nervous system of the brain. As a rule, it may be observed that energetic people have a considerable breadth of head and brain, especially in the posterior part on each side of the crown, though, of course, such an observation is purely empirical. The mental characteristics are obvious, such as endurance, industry, activity, courage, and self-reliance. But the predominance of the active element necessitates the submergence of the emotional element as a whole. They are not very sympathetic, these energetic characters; they apparently have no time for feeling, and feeling, of course, often cuts the sinews of effort. Nor yet is a general farsightedness or a wise outlook over consequences and collateral circumstances very easy for the energetic. Their scope is often narrow, and their strength is frequently one-sided. Thus, if we may put the matter in the form of an illustration, such energetic temperaments make admirable assistant masters in a school, but not good head masters.

The temperament which may be called emotional is very clearly distinguished from the one which we have been considering. If the first depended largely on the quality of the nervous matter in the brain, the second, apparently, depends more on certain powers or functions of the body. Certain organic processes are concerned in emotional phases of mind, for instance, glandular secretions such as the lachrymal secretion. We know that emotional characters are much given to tears. But it is not unusual to find that men of a rounded and full habit of body, who are not especially muscular, are emotional in character. With his usual acuteness, Shakespeare made Hamlet "fat and scant of breath," though modern actors are too vain to take the hint. In an energetic character there is no particular

\* On the Study of Character. London, 1861.

reference to ends of activity—in the first instance at all events; such men act, as it were, for the mere pleasure of acting. But emotion guides such activity as it renders possible into very specific channels. Yet it would be true to add that activity itself is rather distasteful to the emotional man. He requires some powerful occasion before he is moved to action. He cannot work unless he is interested. He enjoys a great deal, and, correspondingly, suffers a great deal. He is very sanguine, and a great believer. Consequently he has a considerable power over others, and very often is a social force. He loves art, poetry, and literature, rather than science and philosophy. When such a man criticises he is apt to find certain doctrines cold, as though warmth or coldness had any reference to the truth or falsity of abstract principles or dogmas. Charles James Fox had many of these characteristics as contrasted with Pitt, and the Celtic races generally may be safely included in the division.\*

It is by no means easy to lay down a series of characteristics which belong to the intellectual temperament, because it has various forms, which hardly admit of any comprehensive or general statement. But, clearly, there are three great powers or faculties which belong to intellect. The first of these may be styled retentiveness, the second discrimination, the third reproduction. The retentive faculty is, of course, the common attribute of all intelligence, knowledge being dependent on the plastic property of mind. But where there is great retentiveness, we have undoubtedly the material out of which rare intellectual capacities are made. Generally, but by no means universally, retentiveness as a mental gift is due to some emotional interest. We remember what we are fond of, whether it be art, or poetry, or philosophy, just as we also remember what we hate, such as a distasteful odor or a wicked face. This is due to some of the processes connected with attention. Retentiveness, however, as an intellectual characteristic is not necessarily connected with feeling or emotional interest; disinterested retentiveness is the best quality of mind, because, as a rule, the less the emotion, the greater is the pure intellectual force. A good memory, as we say, is three-fourths of talent. Discriminative power is equally important for the intellectual character. Without discrimination

there is no knowledge; knowing a thing is, in a sense, the being able to distinguish it from other things, like yet unlike. So too, in a higher sense, discriminative power is the ability to analyze, to criticise, to classify. There can be no order without it, and therefore no clearness. The power to discriminate in the presentation of sense, is that on which all perception depends. This power does not equally belong to all parts of our frame. If we take the two points of a compass and apply them to various portions of our skin and see how nearly the two points may be brought together and yet recognized as two, we shall get very different results. The finest discriminative sensibility seems to belong to the tip of the tongue, which can recognize the points as two, even when one twenty-fourth of an inch apart, or the tip of the finger when one twelfth of an inch apart; but if we apply the two points to the cheek, or still more to the back, we shall find that they may be nearly one inch and a half apart and yet they only give the impression of a single point, so long as we do not see them. Now the power of intellectual discrimination differs in the same way in the case of different persons; and the intellectual character has the same ability in things of the intellect as the tip of the finger or tongue has in the things of sense. Once more, reproductive power is a striking characteristic of the intellectual temperament. Just as the retentive power is the gift especially of what we call talent, so the reproductive power is the gift especially of genius. If we wish to distinguish the two, genius and talent, this affords an easy test. The highest intellectual endowment is undoubtedly genius, which can above all things reproduce, reconstruct, and create anew. When we retain a thing in our minds, it is largely due to such associations of ideas as depend on contiguity in time or space; we remember things when they happened near to one another or existed near one another. But reproduction is due to the associations rather of similarity or identity. We recognize a thing as the same under different conditions, and the better we are able to do so, the more gifted we are intellectually. Thus a good simile in poetry, a felicitous illustration in oratory, a striking analogy in science, are all efforts of genius. When Goethe discovered the same structure in a leaf as was exhibited in the whole tree, or when Darwin discovered that the law which regulated the breeding of pigeons was that which on a large scale had presided over

\* Cf. Bain, *op. cit.*

the evolution of the whole animal world, or when Shakespeare likens the decay of Macbeth's force to "the life which has fallen to the sere, the yellow leaf" — all these are indications of the identifying faculty of genius. If we have before ascribed certain external characteristics to the various temperaments we have been depicting, so, too, to the intellectual temperament we can ascribe a certain imperturbability, quietness, serenity, a certain detachment from smaller interests, an absence of emotional vagary, and an aloofness from the commonplace activities and the worldly life. But these are probably accidental traits, however often they may be observed in men of science and philosophers. There is no outer life, no life of purely external characteristics, belonging to the man of intellectual temperament, for he, above all, leads the life of the spirit.

W. L. COURTNEY.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE ANONYMA.

BEFORE proceeding to my narrative, I wish to explain that, up to the time of which I write, I was no more insane than the majority of my fellow-creatures. I was not a drunkard, either habitual or occasional; nor was I subject to illusions in regard to anything but the female sex. Unless you accept these statements as true, my story will have little interest for you.

I am the proud possessor of a small cutter-yacht. She is called the Anonyma, and sails, under the new rules, as a five-tonner. Four years ago she was a "three-and-a-half;" and yet not a stick of her has been altered since that time. Her name was constructed by my youngest brother as the scholarly feminine of *anonymus*, and was given her because we were told that she had never been christened. That was bad, considering that she was no chicken; but the old Irishman, through whom we procured her, consistently referred to her by the Irish pronoun "hurr." He disclaimed any personal acquaintance with the client for whom he acted in the sale; and, as that individual seemed willing to part with the craft at a very moderate price, I thought it well to let sleeping dogs lie. I was doubly careful, however, to satisfy myself as to the condition of the boat herself.

But this waif of the waves — this nobody's bairn of the circling tides — soon

won the hearts of us who at first gave her home and harbor with so many doubts. If the old man from whom we got her had charged just a little more for her, he would have spared us many an anxious pang of distrust, and would thus have reduced the brain-pressure by a cupping of the pocket. But then, we should have missed the interest of watching the unknown character unfold itself, of finding that the suspected roarer was sound in wind and limb, of growing to love this flighty, trim Undine that treated us so much better than we had expected.

To be sure, she gave us many a sudden wetting, and played us all sorts of unlooked-for tricks, just as the real Undine no doubt teased her knight, in mere superabundance of good spirits. She is considerably over-sparred and over-weighted with canvas; and, as the mast is stepped rather far forward, she has a tendency to bury herself when driving, and a love of fantastic bounds when working to windward in a chopping sea.

But, if she is a rather "wet" craft in a wind, with plenty of reefs and oilskins one may take her through almost any weather; and, in a calm I have seen her ripple along very prettily, carrying her own wind with her and winning under the very noses — or bowsprits — of the big racers, whose sails and burgees moved only to retain the perpendicular, as the hulls rocked on the swell. Her powers in this respect have gained her several prizes during the past season; and on the day before that of which I shall mainly speak, she contrived to travel about thirty miles with scarcely a ripple beyond her wake.

We had left our moorings in the Mersey just a fortnight before; and after a run up the coast, had been cruising on that model yachting-station, the Firth of Clyde.

After a day of drifting, we arrived in Lamlash Bay, in the island of Arran, and dropped anchor some way ahead of a large yawl that lay coquetting with her buoy in the ebbing tide. Westward, through a gap in the nearest hills, we recognized the jagged Goatfell range, standing out, blue and grim, against the blush-warm lemon of the sunset sky. All the shore and village were wrapped in a hazy gloom that cast its purple blight upon the base of the crimson-crested Holy Island, lying apart from the work-a-day world, smiling with ascetic benignity, and rearing against the opal distance of the east, its withered peak from which the solitary Saint Molio must so often have watched the last moments of another day, or have seen, at



noon, vast circle-rainbows in the driving showers below. The lights had begun to peep out here and there along the little street that formed the backbone of the village; and the shrill voices of the children on the shore called in quaint accent the maternal summons to others who paddled and wrangled on the bay.

The *ensemble* was so perfect that its beauty set me dreaming, and I turned a questioning glance upon my brother to invoke his sympathy. But just at that moment he looked even less sentimental than usual. He was stooping on one knee beside a bucket, and mumbling the chorus of a sea-song, whose delivery was sadly obstructed by a piece of a biscuit which he held in his mouth, that his hands might devote themselves the better to the disembowelling of some mackerel caught in the afternoon.

He is a peculiar person, this brother of mine, with small, square head, and hard, shrewd face, that earned him at school the agnomen of "coal-hatchet." In those early days he could be got to take no interest in football or cricket; and, in spite of his broad shoulders and dangerous-looking eyes, he was for a time regarded with some suspicion of cowardice. But before his first year was out, the illusion was dispelled by a not unheard-of incident—the overthrow of a bully. The affair created some stir; for "Hatchet" not only knocked Hector down without overture or formality, but took hold of him while he was on the ground, and thrashed him with a strap. And when some one condemned him for striking a man when he was down, he replied: "If he wanted to take his thrashing standing, he should have stayed up. I wasn't fighting with him, but licking him." He is dreadfully practical and downright; and the fact is so clearly marked upon his features that his advent sometimes produces the most astringent effects on gaiety. He is a materialist, every inch of him; and, as I now looked at him, I recognized with a sigh that it would be purest folly to invite him and sentiment to the same feast.

So I "made" the sails in silence; and shortly afterwards, when we were seated at supper, with our legs dangling in the cockpit, a quaint figure, gesticulating wildly and giving forth discordant cries, appeared on the taffrail of a barrelly ten-tonner right ahead of us.

"Nonymahoy!" came a voice in which there seemed to lurk "the echo of a tone once heard before." We stared at the strange being; for he stood there, clothed

only in a pair of trousers and a towel, which latter was speedily doffed and waved in lieu of the handkerchief not possessed.

For a second we looked at the apparition; then we bent upon each other a smile of resigned amusement.

"O'Rafferty!" said I in a hollow voice. My brother said even less, but expressed more. For O'Rafferty it was. We had foregathered with him at Rothesay regatta the week before, and had taken to him—in spite of many drawbacks—on account of his completeness as a type. He was indeed the jolliest, frankest, kindest, most whiskey-loving, boisterous, blasphemous liar I ever came across. Nothing could upset his good-humor, nor anything exhaust his gigantic strength of lung and limb. Nothing could exceed the ingenuousness of his ingenious falsehoods, or the irrelevant violence of the language in which he formulated the simplest idea.

And there he stood, barbarian that he was, waving and shouting, —

"Nonymahoy! ahoy! you over there! hey!" and a fainter double bellow came from the bowels of the hull on which he stood.

"Hollo!" I replied, courteously waving a cold chop on the end of my fork; and my brother, with a more grudging and guarded up-raising of his teacup, echoed, "Hollo!"

"Got any of the stuff left?" The question came anxiously across the hundred yards of water; and two other figures quickly appeared, straining their ears for the fate-pregnant answer.

My brother and I burst into laughter; for the significance of the question was obvious to us with even our small acquaintance with the owner of the Sarah. "The stuff" was whiskey, and in constant requisition.

"Oh, yes; lots! Come and fetch it."

"Whirroo!" yelled O'Rafferty; and his thirsty companions, with a whoop of satisfaction, sprang upon the deck, both in a state of undress arguing vigorous circulation. They evidently held council for a moment or two; and then they began to remove what little clothing remained to them.

"Sure we wouldn't deprive you for worlds," shouted O'Rafferty. "We'll just come over and *faie* it." He thereupon hurled himself into the briny, with a splash and concussion that gave his comrades a sample of the temperature, and insured to himself a lively reaction. It was some time before he reappeared; but

as soon as his head popped up, the fruit of submarine reflection was bodied forth in words:—

"I say, have you got spare glasses?"

"Oh, no, by the way. You'd better bring some."

"Bring your glasses, boys," he called, without looking back. "The bucket'll serve my turn."

One by one they arrived alongside, and were hauled aboard the *Anonyma*, where, with much mutual slapping, they improvised a war dance, till O'Rafferty fell overboard. We produced towels; but the newcomers scorned such refinements; and, wrapping our blankets about their broad shoulders—for rheumatism they knew not themselves, nor feared for others—scrambled into the tiny cabin. Then there instantly fell upon the trio a brief, thirsty silence, so profound and earnest that I laughed in spite of myself.

"Och, Hammond, be quiet," said O'Rafferty, "how can you laugh at such a moment?" And, seizing a towel, he removed the salt water from one of the glasses that his companions had brought. They followed his example in silence. I offered to wash out the glasses for them; but—"Sure it doesn't matter," said O'Rafferty. "We'll wash them out for ourselves if you give us the stuff."

They did; and when the second ration gurgled from the stone bottle, I asked whether they would have water with it.

"No, no," said O'Rafferty, "no tampering wi' the wonders o' nature. I like things pure and simple as the Lord made them."

One of his friends, however, put some pure water into an empty cup; and, after draining his glass at a pull, emptied the other vessel no less speedily. He caught me looking at him in astonishment; so I said,—

"Why do you drink the water after the whiskey?"

"Ach! it's to take away the taste o' the nasty stuff," said he, smacking his lips.

Cigars were accepted without demur; and then conversation began to stray from the business of the evening. A tin of prawns was opened, and the contents heated in butter over the oil lamp; great chunks of bread were cut and distributed; and soon the air was charged with a delirium of many tones and odors. Paraffin was blent with prawns. Yachting yarns were grafted upon Irish politics—the worst of which, O'Rafferty said, was that they had entirely supplanted the ancient sport of cock-fighting. "Catholic" apol-

ogetics drew a new life and illustration from the latest *Pink Un*. And the perfumes of whiskey and tobacco combined in good fellowship by force of ancient usage. It is impossible, with one pen journeying through successive sentences, to give any impression of the fertility of five diversely errant minds, and of the prolific activity of five simultaneously moving tongues. Most of that conversation is gone as completely as the atmosphere that bore it stiffly up; it is perhaps better so, for O'Rafferty phrased the greater part of it.

One section alone of that talk was recalled and embalmed by subsequent events. The least savage of our visitors was a handsome, blue-eyed young fellow, who answered to "Charlie" or "Stewart" or "Steward" indifferently; and I afterwards learned, with extraordinary equanimity, that, misled by the absence of the short, blue coat—yea, of even a single brass button to be my loadstar to the truth, I had been conversing on terms of equality with a man who combined in his own very proper person the baseness of all hands on board the *Sarah* of Cushendall. It is all very well to single out a gentleman by noting how his clothes fit him and how he carries them off; but what if he does not carry them—even off?

Some of this young man's conversation interested me much; but I shall not ask my readers to descend to the *Avernus* below decks. I shall only say that, after a time, he induced us to scramble out of the stuffy cabin into the cold night air; and a queer group we must have made, bending to examine the white deck by the light of a lantern which I held.

"It ought to be about here," he said, "just to the port side of the counter, where—Look, here's something! Begor! that's the very place; but there's very little of it now, if that's it; and you can't see by this light."

"But, even if this is the same boat, why do you doubt that she belonged to them by right?"

"I don't know; they pretended to have had her for a long time, but it was clear they didn't know her. And all that day when I was aboard, helping them to paint her and holystone this mark here, they were poking about among the few things aboard. And I saw them turning over some clothes and talking about them as no one but a Jew or a woman would do if they were their own. And if they'd been their own, they wouldn't have been in such

a hurry to give them to me for a couple of days' work. Then there were lots o' little things they tore up and threw overboard, letters and things; and when they came on a flag—a blue burgee with an anchor and crown, Royal Northern, you know—they tied a couple of bottles to it and sank it. But what made me give up the job was that when I was cleaning out the cockpit, I found, under the seat there, an iron marlinspike with hair and blood on it. I was kind o' taken aback, and cries out, 'Boisy dear, now! what's this?' and one o' the men he comes up and lays hold on it, and after talking together a bit, they heaves it overboard; but I cleared out that night, and they up anchor and off next morning."

"Where was that, did you say?" I asked.

"Balinaboy, in County Donegal," said Stewart. "I was just a bit of a boy then, but I can remember all that happened. And I don't often make a mistake about a boat if I've been aboard her. The men were strangers to me; but they were Irish, or I'm not." And as he said it, his tones put the matter out of all question.

"What year was that?"

"Sure 'nd I don't remember, sorr; but it was just about this time o' the year, for the connuptial gales was blowing at the time."

"And did you never hear anything of a boat's being lost?"

"I did not, sorr."

O'Rafferty here formulated, in efflorescent language, his opinion that the temperature was low; but, as neither yacht had a dinghy in attendance, and our visitors seemed disinclined for a swim home, we served out the last of the whiskey, and seated ourselves along the coombing, to wait for a passing boat. Charles Stewart, steward, began that admirable if interminable song that opens with an assertion of St. Patrick's gentility; and when he finished, ten minutes later, the third gentleman in undress asked, in language that simulated his companion's at its best, whither we were bound on the morrow. Only one reply could have obviated bathos; but the subject was a sore one with my brother, so I answered,—

"If the wind is good, we shall probably work down to Campbeltown, and perhaps have a look round the Mull."

"In this blessed cockle-shell?" exclaimed Charles. "No offence, sir, but you can't do it."

"Why, we don't intend to go round."

"You'd better keep well inside. Last

year I was steward aboard a 'sixty'—a yawl—and we got becalmed outside there. It was as smooth as glass; but all of a sudden she just gave three jumps as if she'd come on a hot place. Tidal waves, the skipper said. All I know is that, one moment, I was standing forward in the pantry, with a bottle and a glass in my hands; and, in another, there I was, right aft, settin' on the floor o' the ladies' cabin, and hopin' I didn't intrude; with a piece of broken glass in each hand, another elsewhere, and an inch and a half o' liquid around me that come down the companion, sorr—not out o' the bottle, as I thought at first. I tell you, I don't believe we came round the Mull—we jumped it, sorr, jumped it!"

At length our patience was rewarded. A boat came within hail; and, great as was the seeming consternation of the oarsman, he consented to pull our nude guests over to their quarters. And a strange, Charon-suggesting freight they would have been, but for the bright moonlight that flashed upon their white shoulders and shapely limbs—but for their vociferous and pertinacious avowal of St. Patrick's gentility.

When we had heard them bellowing good-night to the boatman, my brother went below to inspect the blankets, and I stayed on deck for a time, to smoke another pipe and think over the uncomfortable suggestion of Charles Stewart's reminiscences. But before long I became conscious that my mind was rapidly falling again under the domination of the great sea minor. The lights on the land, in the little taverns and in the cottages that lay far up among the folds of the ghostly hills, went out one by one. The last voice floated away upon the waters and was lost. Then stillness fell; and the moon and stars all seemed to bestir themselves in a fresh revelry of glory. The very heavens were not more maddeningly vast than the silence that they held. But from out the haunted hollows of the lonely hills; from birch-shadowed glen, and from the scarps that glistened to the moon, came the weird whispering of a thousand nameless streams. And, as I marked it, a little silver runlet of sensibility and emotion crept out across the unguarded dyke of rationalism; and, suddenly growing to a torrent, came rushing and pulsing up through the flooring of an astonished cynicism, and bearing upon its whispering current a love at once of the unknown and of the good. The thought that I was standing where perhaps a murder had been done, made me shudder, as I assur-

edly should not, in a smoking-room, have shuddered at the idea of such a crime. I took the lantern, and went aft to have another look at that strange stain upon the white deck; and I was beginning to feel eerie, when I overheard my brother assuring himself, in ruminant bass, that St. Patrick was a gentleman. The sacred name and genteel association at once exorcised the unholy thoughts that bound me; and shortly afterwards, as I doubled my legs against one end of the cabin and coiled my neck round the mast at the other end, my senses began to leave me — so much so that I detected a growing disposition to accept the assertion of St. Patrick's gentility as a truth. I struggled back to consciousness in time to save myself. Was it possible? Scarcely; and, at all events, I was not going to take the word of O'Rafferty and his friends for it.

Next morning I awoke to hear the waves lapping and flapping against the sides of the yacht, like a fresh-hauled netful of mackerel in the bottom of a boat. On going on deck, we found that the wind had gone about during the night; so that our bowsprit pointed almost due north, and the Sarah looked perhaps a degree less tubby, now that she stood "stem on" to us. The sun was still red with his first climb; and he altogether looked as if he had been making a night of it somewhere, and had had a narrow escape of being late on his post. Westward, the great piles of night-cloud, still saturated with the mauvey tints of the moonlight, drew their skirts speedily about them and went down after their silvern mistress with scarcely a glance of recognition to the sun. Nature's eyes were dull and sleepy still. The very tints of wood and hill were torpid and bemused with dreams. But not so the more material maternal entities that fry the matutinal "ham and eggs" for early travellers. From several roofs arose fine threads of faint blue smoke, which combined like the voices of a choir, and stretched about the bases of the hills, a long, flat, upraised palm of thanksgiving. Ay, it is a poor grace that is said without some such incense.

Talking of graces and wild Irishmen — what a strange combination! — I have met with an interesting example of the former, which contains a touching tribute to the nature of the latter. I am unable to inform bibliophils of the date that produced the first edition of my authority; but the reprint from which I quote bears the label "London, 1733," and "James

Kow o' Strowan" as the name of the author.

"Oh, gud God," it begins, "weed aw the Papishes out o' the Land, weed them as we do Thistles out of the Corn Ground. Thou can do it, and mun do it, and do it hastily. Digg a muckle Dyke between us and Hell, but a far, far muckler between us and the *wild Irish*. Keep the brow Cow, and the cromed Cow, and Rutty. Grant that the poor ald Heffer stalk not in the Mire, nor smoor in the Dike. Grant that the Meer break not her Tether, nor the Wind blow down the Keal Stocks. Bless us free aw Witches and Warlocks, and aw thae lang-nebbed Things that creeps intill Heather; but fre that exhorbitant Power o' France, oh! deliver us. And, ah! Thou that loves neither Priests, Monks, nor Freers, nor the Gillywatfts, the Folk that wears the lang Skeans wee the Horn till the left, and the wee pickle Snuff in it," etc. Why go on? The gist is in the first section. The work is entitled "A North Country Grace;" and, as the original issue was published in Dublin, we must understand "North Country" to signify Ulster. It is instructive to note that in those days the Ulsterman prayed for protection from the "wild Irish," as from something strange and uncongenial.

But small time had we for grace this morning. We tumbled over the gunwale, and paid a morning visit to the snore-resounding Sarah. We lowered the mast-head light, and in its stead ran up a bucket to the truck. We rigged the topsail-yard, with a mop on the end, as a mizen; and were remarking how like an enraged French poodle the Sarah was looking, when some one below reverted, in his sleep, to the previous question of St. Patrick's breeding. So we made a hasty exit, a speedy breakfast, and all sail.

Charles Stewart, steward, was up in time to exchange salutations with us as we got the head-sails up and kept her nose away before the freshening breeze, which grew firm and gentle, like the grasp of a strong hand. O'Rafferty appeared in time to make what he called "signals of distress," by substituting an empty bottle for the bucket at the mast-head. The third gentleman I have seen but the once, and am unlikely to meet in circumstances favorable to identification.

As I was taking a final haul on the main-halliards, we passed between the buoy and King's Cross Point, from which Robert Bruce is said to have watched for the beacon-fires that summoned him over

to conquest and a crown. We had come out on the "port" tack, and, on clearing the point, had to keep away to the southerly. This involved taking the wind now upon the "starboard" side, and, as the vessel was well in hand, we decided to "jibe" — that is to say that, with our stern to windward, we turned the head of the boat so as to present the other side of the sails to the breeze. This is apt to bring the sails over to the other side by the run; and, though it is an easy enough operation when performed carefully in a light wind, woe betide the craft that "jibes" unwarily. It is as if a squall were unexpectedly to get inside a half-closed umbrella and blow it open. The sudden transference of strain, combined with the swing of the heavy boom, is full of danger; and I have seen a two-hundred-ton schooner "start" her main-mast by a careless jibe in only a capful of wind. I mention this now to save time on a future and less leisurely occasion.

We put on our top-sail, and held for Pladda light, which stands on a long trap-rock that runs out to the south of the island.

One of the many strange and incredible things that happened on this day, was that I actually caught an ill-conditioned herring on a mackerel fly. I was not surprised to find that a fish that is expected to subsist on what *ani.malculæ* and germs a bountiful Providence may drift between its gills, should occasionally yearn for some comestible less vapid. But my brother, who used to dabble in phrenology, states that, in the herring, the bumps of curiosity and accumulateness are highly developed; and he declares it to be his opinion that the fish we caught that morning coveted the gaudy bait merely as a *curio*.

For a time the wind held good; and the Anonyma, with her spread of canvas, went foaming along as if it were blowing half a gale. But about 10.30 we saw ahead of us a silver line upon the blue-ruffled surface; and when we touched it, the little vessel suddenly straightened herself up, crept across the smooth bar by virtue of her peculiar gift, heeled over again for a few minutes as she swam athwart another patch of wavelets, and then finally stood erect — brought her boom home with an emphatic swing, and rustled all her wings to rest.

The wind had left us, or rather we had left the wind; and there, apparently about fifty yards away, the waves were lapping and dying at the border of the calm. Why the wind should have stopped just there,

we did not trouble ourselves to think. We merely wished it had not done so; and, gazing on the horizon, we whistled for a breeze. But the wind-mark behind us shrank together as the ink does upon the abominable paper beneath my pen; and soon the gleaming expanse of silver blue was scarred only with slumbering squalls that lay stretched at rest under the midday sun, or wandered listlessly in search of the commander that should lead them to the charge. The horizon was hazy and murky, as if the awaited leader might come, with fell purpose, from any point of the compass. Arran lay smiling assiduously like a woman who contemplates revenge; but the Ayrshire coast and Kintyre were so much in the background that they forgot their manners, and allowed an expression of ill-humor to darken their features. Out in the centre of the Sound, the ocean steamers passed up and down, their great hearts throbbing in the silence, with a concentration of force that smiled at tempest and at calm alike; while, all about, the black-backed porpoises were rolling and puffing in the sheen; and the straight-winged gannets dived, with pistol sound, from dizzy heights into the fish-wealthy depths below — "from firmament to fundament," as my matter-of-fact brother remarked, to my exceeding consternation.

I suppose the Anonyma was meanwhile negotiating a loan of wind, or enlisting the interest of some susceptible "cat's-paw;" for she began to move, and gradually gathered steerage-way. For hours we drifted forward thus, always keeping her head in the right direction, and momentarily expecting an improvement in the wind.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, a large schooner yacht, which had been quietly dropping down Kilbrennan Sound, lost steerage-way, and began to waltz about in the tide. But while this was going on, the sky beyond her had grown black; and I suddenly noticed a brigantine, hull-down off the Mull, laying over a great deal, though apparently carrying very little canvas. It was clear that they were catching it pretty strong from the sou'-west; and, as that is the most dangerous point during the period of the equinoctial — or, as Stewart called them, "the connoptial" — gales, we at once took off the top-sail, exchanged our large jib for a smaller one, and put a reef in the main-sail. Just as these arrangements were completed, we saw the wind strike the schooner well astern; and, as she had had less time than



we to shorten sail, she went over almost on her beam-ends. After a brief struggle, during which we could see the white spindrift whirling all about her, she gathered way, and went staggering up the Sound—badly crippled, it was evident, though what was wrong we had no time to discover.

This must have been about four o'clock. At that time we were directly off Pladda light, and to all practical purposes as far from our starting-point as from our goal. So, after a brief consultation conducted while we took down a second reef in the main-sail, we decided that, in consideration of our vessel's plunging proclivities, it would be wiser to "lash her through" to windward than to risk a long run up channel, with a rising sea astern. So far as we could judge from the appearance of the other craft in sight, the wind was coming from a point that would enable us to "make" the outside of Campbelltown Harbor on one tack; so we got the Anonyma's head round by means of a sweep; and, having donned our oilskins, were at our posts—I at the tiller and my brother at the sheets—when the wind struck us. What sailor does not know the sudden descent of an equinoctial storm, with the darkness, the flying spray, the shrieking rigging, and the ragged carry? What yachtsman cannot remember many an autumn day when his basking canvas and drooping ensign suddenly flapped and strained as if they would part every rope; when the mast creeked and staggered, rose straight again for a moment, and again reeled and cracked as if sharply smitten in premonition of the storm that presently grew up out of another interval of calm and burst upon his vessel with a hollow "sooch"—as the Scots call it—like the rush of unseen goose-wings over the frozen mud-banks on a winter's night? What a glorious, fierce joy there is in the brief, bloodless battle for a good cause! Two or three minutes are so busily employed in getting one's vessel thoroughly in hand, that one has eyes for nothing but the boat herself and the sea to windward. But when she has fairly steadied down to her work, we hitch ourselves a little further to the windward side, pull up our collar, and take a glance at things in general. All is changed. The light has gone, or is going rapidly. The sky, which when we last looked, was of the clearest blue, is covered with a whirling mass of murky clouds. Already the waves are "losing their heads" and toppling over like dizzy dervishes, scarring with their white spume

the double blackness of the sea. At one point, the windward shore is hidden by a sharply defined hail shower that comes trailing out towards us; and already dark spots, as big as a florin, appear upon the straining canvas. The porpoises' backs show light instead of dark; and the gannets gleam like sparks as they circle past the rifts in the sky. So we order down another reef while yet we may; seat ourselves firmly on the windward gunnel; draw the strap of the sou'-wester beneath our chin; and wonder how our hands will feel when the cold work is done.

And bitter work of it we had that afternoon. I would have given a day of my life for one glass of "the stuff;" but our hospitality of the previous night had made that unattainable. As a matter-of-fact, no spirits were drunk aboard the Anonyma on that day. Perhaps I should take a hint from that unscrupulously fastidious "publican" of Oxford Street, who advertises—"Whiskey as *drank* in Scotland;" for of course I mean that no *alcoholic* spirits were drunk on the Anonyma. For the other spirits I do not presume to speak.

By the time that the light began to go, the seas had acquired great size, and came rolling down on us with dangerous white crests, stooped like the darting head of an adder. The Anonyma is distinctly not a good craft for a rough sea; and she several times took more water than we liked. What O'Rafferty would have said to it I can but faintly conceive. She had too much ballast forward; and again and again, as she leaped down the back of one sea, this head-weight launched her, like a dart or diver, straight into the face of the succeeding wave.

Just as the long, flat hills behind Campbelltown were beginning to seem within reach, and we were expecting to benefit by the shelter of the Mull, the Anonyma took it into her flighty head to perform some of her antics. Every one who has steered a little knows the strange instinct that tells him when his boat has got out of step with the waves and is about to misbehave. I knew, for nearly a minute before the catastrophe, that our Undine was going to play some foolish prank. I felt it trembling in the tiller, and saw it dimpling in the sails. I even recognized, away up to windward, the approaching wave that would be selected as her playfellow. Except that the wave was breaking in a rather unpleasant way, there was no particular reason why it should be so selected. It was, if anything, somewhat smaller than most of the

others. But a boat is nothing if not womanly; and the Anonyma, ignoring reason and the helm, threw herself right into the bosom of the black-green billow. And if eternal union with it was what she desired, she very nearly had her wish. I was as nearly as possible washed overboard; and, but for the assistance which my brother instinctively gave me, I could not have held on. The cockpit was half filled with water, which a misguided law of gravitation moved continually to whichever end was already most in danger of being swamped. And of course we were charmed to find, when the wave had ceased his caresses, that our flighty damsel had got her nose broken for her importunity. In other words, she had burst one of the stays forward—the bowsprit-shroud—and we were compelled, for our own welfare, to minister promptly to the well-earned injury, and to tend her as if we had had other thoughts than those of “Serve her right.”

In order that the strain might for a time be transferred to the sound shroud, we had to go about. My brother took the helm, and kept her head close to the wind; while I crawled forward and effected the necessary repairs in the face of many difficulties. The deck was “flush” and as slippery as seaweed; so that the mere pitching of the vessel would have been awkward enough, without the circumstance that each billow found its billet either in my eyes, which blinded me, or in the recesses of my equipment—which is said to be wholesome. But the affair took time; and when we made sail again and finished our long tack, we found that, with the wind under the land coming more from the westerly, we could not make our point. So we had to go about for another tack.

Perhaps some one who reads this may have been at Campbeltown, and may know what an uncomfortable harbor it is to beat into against a sou'-wester. Let me say shortly that the second tack sufficed to bring us well up for the mouth of the harbor, and that I had just given the word, “Ready about,” for the final tack, when in a moment the canvas bagged, and the boat stood on even keel.

The thing was so preposterous in such a gale that my heart leaped to my mouth at thought of whirlwinds and cyclones. I instinctively cleared the mainsheet and prepared to let go; but in a few seconds the boat heeled over again to a stiff breeze that came almost directly from the north. I was confounded; for the waves still set

from the south-west, and the smoke of a steamer, silhouetted against the last yellow gleam to seaward, drove in the same direction. But I put the helm down that we might run into harbor. A weird feeling of horror stirred in me as I saw that, a few feet away from us, the squalls were running fiercely among the breakers in the reverse direction of the wind by which I steered. A vague sense as of severe illness or insanity took possession of me; and, after a second or two, my brother and I simultaneously started to our feet—he with a half-cry of amazement, and I with a voice that refused its offices. I sprang forward out of my place—every hair on end, every pore gaping, and my heart as still and cold as stone. For a moment I had been in and among the impalpable, unsubstantial substance of which ghosts consist. I had been conscious of their contiguity, rather than sensible of their contact with myself. I had known that their incorporeal bodies were moving about me, occupying the very space that I occupied, mingling with and passing through the shuddering substance of my frame. I had *seen* gleaming teeth and hideous eyes, lit by a hellish fury, thrust against me. And I had deserted my post only when the awful face darted forward and lost itself in my own.

I cannot pretend that these apparitions—for I soon found that there were two—left me for a moment in doubt as to their nature. The ghosts one reads about are so self-possessed and ordinary in appearance as to be at first mistaken for human beings; but in my experience there was no room for such a mistake. The very boat was enchanted, and sailed by an unearthly wind that affected none of her surroundings. People will blame me for deserting my post and involving my brother in a very real danger; but, remembering the sensations that penetrated me, I cannot imagine how any one could have faced their continuance for more than a moment. Another instant of it and my mind must have given way. In fact, it is perhaps the simplest and truest explanation of my cowardice to say that my reason was already temporarily unhinged. I sprang forward right to the other end of the cockpit; and there, leaning against the coombing, I turned and stared at the two figures in the stern-sheets.

The one that was seated where I had been, and who seemed as though he had been steering, was elderly. He must have been about fifty-three or so; and he was putting out all his strength to pre-

vent his adversary from gaining control of the tiller. The other, whose back was at first towards us, was of younger and stronger figure, with long arms, broad shoulders, thick neck, and small, bullet head that accorded with my recollection of the ghastly face that I had seen. When, in the struggle, he turned his featureless profile, the flat, negro face, with white eyes and teeth gleaming in its blackness, like the crests of the breakers in the closing darkness about us, struck me with no new fear, but awoke a fresh thrill of retrospective horror.

The old man, as it seemed to both my brother and myself, was attempting to put the helm down, so as to make the harbor mouth; while the negro struggled to prevent his doing so. First the one and then the other gained control; and the boat yawed about under the alternating government, like the policy of a demon-ridden cabinet. At last the old man made a sudden movement; thrust his opponent off so roughly as to very nearly send him overboard; and then, setting the tiller down to leeward, brought the boat's head up across the wind.

For a moment I believed that the contest was over; and the thought actually flashed through me, "Will they work us in?" Then the negro sprang up—this time with an iron marlinspike in his hand—and, throwing himself upon the other, whose position, as he bent to leeward, almost precluded resistance, dealt him a frantic blow upon the head.

I cannot convey how much the horror of this conflict was intensified by the complete absence of all sounds proceeding from it. To see the thick lips of the negro, and the bearded cheeks of the steersman, moving to imprecations that, in spite of their obvious fierceness, were mute to us—to see even that heavy marlinspike brought down on the grey head in silence, and yet with a force that must have pulverized the skull—it was hideous.

The old man fell flat upon the counter; and his head, striking heavily on the white boards, left a great splash of blood on the very spot where Charles Stewart had pointed out the stain that marred the appearance of our deck. From under the grey locks a narrow crimson ribbon darted down to leeward; but, almost before it reached the gunwale, a ferocious shove from the negro sent the corpse over into the foaming wake.

The victor dropped his weapon, seized the tiller, and put it hard up to windward,

where he held it, as he leaned over the stern and gazed back along the track.

Suddenly I felt the boat swerve and shiver. The main-sail overhead fluttered and bagged for a moment; and almost before my senses were awakened to the new danger, the wind took the canvas on the other side. Now I have, in an earlier part of my story, explained the great risks that attend this sudden transference of strain; so I need not dwell upon them here.

With such a wind as was then blowing, a jibe would have been enough to dismast my poor craft; and my fear of such material disaster dissipated all superstitious dread.

"Look out!" I shouted; and was on the point of springing aft to the helm, when I was literally prevented by a squall that snatched the boom over to the other side with a jerk that seemed enough to start every timber. I was just in time to "duck" as they say; but as I did so, I saw the boom strike the negro full on the side of the head. He fell like a log across the slackened main-sheet; but as he touched it, it straightened with a jerk, and shot his body to leeward and into the sea.

There was something grimly ludicrous in the sight of the one corpse following the other overboard; and it did not for a moment occur to either my brother or myself to treat them as real bodies, to go about and look for them. Our only idea was to regain control of our ship; but before we could spring to helm and sheets there came a momentary lull in the gale. The Anonyma gradually awakened from the spell, and gently lay over to port, taking the wind from the south-west, as before the apparition.

The whole thing, from the moment of my leaving the helm to the moment of my returning to it, cannot have occupied more than one minute; but that minute had been sufficient to destroy our chances of making our anchorage without beating up again.

So we made another couple of tacks, and were once more on the point of running into the harbor, when I felt that same chill portent creeping in upon me. Again the wind fell dead; for a moment; again it struck us from the north; and on the first consciousness of the ghostly contact my nerves gave way. I threw myself face down upon the flooring of the cockpit, and absolutely burst into tears. I am not a boy, but a grown man; and I did not now I could sob as I did on that occasion.

"Ah, you fool!" yelled my brother, as he leaped past me to the helm. I could not stir, but lay there, shaking and sobbing and unconscious of everything, till I heard my brother's voice ring out sharp, —

"Ready about!" and somehow I found myself at the jib-sheets. As the boat's head came up to the wind, I glanced over my shoulder towards the stern, and saw the dim form of my brother sitting alone and passing the boom over to the starboard side. Then he moved up to windward, and did not again stir till he had brought the Anonyma to her anchorage in the little harbor. Nor did either of us speak a word till everything was stowed for the night.

Whether it was sheer rationalism that enabled him to perform this deed of positive heroism, I cannot tell. It may have aided him; but he is not such a dullard as to be insensible to the horrors of so strange an incident. As we sat at supper in the dripping cabin, I glanced repeatedly at his face; but the only change that was apparent in it was an unaccustomed paleness and an intensified hardness. At last I summoned up courage to ask in a whisper, —

"What did they do?"

"I don't know. I didn't look at them," he replied, in a voice that strove to sound full and steady. And a slight sneer about the corner of his nose commended a policy of reticence on my part.

Since that time we have frequently talked about the matter; and though my brother still declares that he did not observe how the phantoms took his interference, he one night confessed to me that the most difficult part of his task was that of compelling himself to grasp the ghostly hand that held the tiller.

That is all I can tell you about the actual occurrence.

Last Christmastide, however, I was staying at a country house in Cheshire; and on New Year's eve the children put out the lights, and ordained that each of the party should tell a ghost story.

My turn came; and, imagination failing me, I related my own experiences of that night off Campbelltown. The narrative was received with delight, and no more incredulity than is perhaps deserved by the man or woman who recounts such experiences to a general company. I was careful, however, to make it appear that I had steered my ship to the end, and this improvement upon fact may have tended to increase the scepticism of my friends. Be that as it may, I was inwardly nettled by their doubts; and one of my fellow-

guests got the benefit of my resentment during subsequent conversation in the smoking-room.

He is a slim, handsome old Highlander, with a nose like an owl's, and the best manner of any man I know. He took a seat beside me; and, as he tucked the edges of his smoking-coat down all round him, he tipped his head over his tall collar, and said, —

"What a capital tale you made of that old story. I was not aware that it was generally known."

"I am not sure, Colonel Striven," said I, on my feeble dignity at once, "I am not sure that I rightly understand you. But if you believe me to have made myself the hero of another man's adventures, you are mistaken."

The colonel himself, as I now know, is not less proud than most old Highlanders are; and is not slow to take the masterful tone. He looked at me for a moment, as if blandly speculating whether I was of the sort of metal that is toughened by hammering; and I felt it to be the reverse of a compliment when his eye, which had lit up for a moment, once more became indifferent, and turned itself upon a cigarette-case, which he proceeded leisurely to open. The folly of my pompous reply broke upon me at once; and I frankly begged the colonel's pardon for answering a senior in such puppy-like fashion.

"Oh! all right! — all right!" he said, interrupting my apology. "Of course I had no intention of injuring your susceptibilities. There is nothing very discredit-able in making a good story out of a bad one. And I was interested to find that you had heard the tale, for I knew Mr. M'Bean intimately."

I wondered what the colonel was talking about; but, fancying that perhaps he was trying to "draw" me again, I decided to give him rope. So I held my tongue, and watched his shrewd grey eye flitting from point to point of his person with a glance that expressed nothing but the reflection: "Now, I've gone and left my lights in the tails of my dress-coat."

I offered mine, which he accepted; and, when he had lit the cigarette, he asked, as he laid the match in the very centre of the ash-tray, —

"I suppose they never heard anything about her?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, I suppose there is no foundation in fact for the tale you told us."

In an instant my tongue was upon the hilt of that verbal hanger that most En-

glishmen carry somewhere about their vocabulary; and I rolled an explosive initial D against my teeth. But I had made one fool of myself already; and, having no desire to continue the process of reproduction, I said, with a smile, which I felt to be catfish, —

"Really, sir, I am not sure whether to be angry or to take what you say as a joke."

"I beg you will take it as a joke," said the colonel. "Not that I, in the least, intended it as one; but anything is better than being angry when no cause is intentionally given."

"Well, I don't know what to think of it. I believed I had made it clear that every word of that statement is asserted as simple fact, and that I have never either seen or heard of anything that could suggest or explain the apparition."

"You mean it seriously?"

"Perfectly."

"That you saw those two figures fighting aboard your yacht?"

"Just as I have described them. Of course you will infer that I am mad, for I suppose you uphold the impossibility of ghosts."

"H'm—m! Well, I've never been very sure about that! I used to believe in them when I was a boy. Did your brother see them too?"

"Yes, as I have already stated."

"Well, would you mind repeating all you have already stated? I am genuinely interested, and less of a sceptic than you suppose. And please give me as many details as possible in your description of the boat and of the men."

I did so, and at the end he said, —

"You have accurately described the Speedwell, a three-and-a-half ton cutter, that belonged to M'Bean, an intimate friend of mine, many years ago. An old man, called MacFarlane, who had been promoted from the deck of a bankrupt fishing-smack, took care of her. And one autumn—I can't remember what year it was—M'Bean, who was sailing in some other man's yacht, telegraphed to MacFarlane at Hunter's Quay to take the Speedwell to Campbeltown and meet him there. M'Bean waited a couple of days; but at last went up by steamer to Hunter's Quay, where he learned that old MacFarlane had set out as appointed, and had taken with him, as second hand, a *nigger*, with whom he had foregathered at Port Glasgow. Of course I am rather hazy about some of the details now; but I remember hearing M'Bean say that the nig-

ger was a bad lot, and knew nothing about small craft; so that, when the Speedwell was given up as lost, every one attributed the mishap to his clumsiness. However that may have been, the Speedwell never reached Campbeltown; and, so far as I am aware, no clue as to the time or place or manner of her loss was ever found. One of the Campbeltown fishermen said he believed he had seen a small cutter in difficulties off the mouth of the harbor on the night when the Speedwell should have arrived. But I don't think M'Bean attached much importance to that. At all events, they never found so much as a spar belonging to her; but the darky's body—at least they thought it was he—was washed up some weeks later on the Island of Jura."

There the matter rests.

Colonel Striven and myself have done our utmost to recover the lost parts of the story; but Mr. M'Bean has been dead for some years, and for long we could effect nothing beyond showing that the year in which the Speedwell was lost was the year in which the strange cutter put into Balinaboy for repairs. But to satisfy ourselves upon this point, we had to unearth Charles Stewart, steward; and some weeks ago, when he was on a visit to Donegal, he unexpectedly sent me a quaint, brass-handled knife of Spanish workmanship, which he originally found in the pocket of a waistcoat given him by his ill-favored employers on board the little yacht on that day long ago when the connuptial Gales were blowing. A lumberer at Port Glasgow, formerly a chum of the lost negro, has just identified this implement, with some degree of confidence, as having been the property of his dead friend. So the story is now complete enough to go to press.

FREDERICK NOEL PATON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### A BATTLE DESCRIBED FROM THE RANKS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S Highland Brigade was made up of the 42nd, the 74th, the 75th, and the 79th regiments. We always used the good old numbers, and never got the hang of the fancy, new-fangled names. I was a corporal in that good old corps, the 79th (Cameron) Highlanders. The brigade landed at Ismailia on the 9th of September. It waited three hours for the order to march, and during this time many of the men found out a



grog-shop, and some were pretty far gone when at last the "Fall in" sounded.

It was about half past four in the afternoon when we started on our march across the desert. Tents, valises, and rations were sent by train or carts, and all we carried was a rolled blanket, soap and towel, water-bottle, glengarry bonnet, mess tin, seventy rounds of ammunition, and of course our belts and arms. The heat was dreadful, footing was difficult in the loose sand into which at each step we sank over the ankles, and it was a hard task to keep in line. There was no breath of wind; we laid bare our chests in the vain hope to catch a little air. Hands, faces, and bodies were streaming with perspiration, and soon we were almost as wet as if we had been swimming in our clothes. The region we were traversing was a vast tract of fine, loose sand without a leaf of herbage or any living thing, beaten on by a glaring, scorching sun. By-and-by thirst began to rage. The big, stout men suffered from it and the toil of the march more than did the little ones. The former had soon emptied their water-bottles, and were begging of their neighbors, but to little purpose, for every man felt that water was too precious to give away. The old boozers suffered worst, and the tongues of some of them seemed actually hanging out of their mouths. I got along pretty well by carrying a pebble in my mouth, and occasionally rinsing my mouth with a little water and then spitting it out.

As we tramped on many of the men were falling out, and some dropped, never to rise again; on them the sun had done its work. The fellows who had been taking too much liquor aboard in the Ismailia grog-shop were prisoners in charge of the guard, who kept flogging them with rifle-slugs to urge them on and prevent them from falling behind; their yells under this rough but justifiable treatment sounded strange to one's ears in this outlandish place. I was told off to look after a man who had fallen down exhausted. I knew him to be one of those who had been drinking. When I bade him rise and march his reply was, "Oh, leave me here to die, corporal; I cannot stir." The regimental surgeon was near, and I asked him to see the man. "Has he been drinking?" asked the doctor. "Yes, sir." "Well, get him up somehow, and use your rifle-sling if you like, but don't leave him on any account." "All right, sir," I answered; and I thought what a nice job was mine, darkness coming on, little water, and left with a helpless man. Re-

turning to my invalid I found him prostrate, very sick, and vomiting green matter. "Come, up you get, Jimmy," said I, "or I'll leather you!" There was no stir in him, so I gave him a few good cuts with the rifle-sling. The punishment started him; up he got, and marched a few yards and then went down again. Another sharp application of the sling brought him to his feet, and he went some distance, but then lay down again. I left him, and groping through the moving masses in the darkness, shouting for my own regiment and company, I found my sergeant, to whom I reported Jimmy's plight. "Oh," said he, "leave him alone; when he sees the camp-fires, and feels cold and hungry, devil doubt him but he'll soon turn up." The sergeant was right; I finished the march with my company, and just as I was going to sleep with my blanket round me and my mess-tin for a pillow, Jimmy arrived and thanked me for leathering him.

The first march was of course our worst. The men were soft with inaction aboard ship, and the heat and drink told on them dreadfully. The scenes of it are vividly in my memory still; how men were knocked over by the sun and buried where they fell; how others, falling exhausted, were borne to the adjacent railway line to await the chance of a passing train; how the piteous yells of the prisoners being flogged cut the darkness like a knife. Then the mad struggle for water when the "Halt" sounded—the rush to the foul and stinking misnamed "Sweet-water Canal," faces buried in the putrid water, men fighting for room to kneel, snatching and emptying the kettles as fast as they were filled, till at last they had to be escorted to the cooking places under the protection of guards, so that tea could be made, which with ship biscuit was the supper of officers and men. All night we lay in an abominable stench, the cause of which morning revealed. It came in great measure from the canal, which, as an Irishman said, was "shtiff" with the dead bodies of camels and horses, and there were many human corpses as well. This ghastly water we were forced to drink; it was that or go without. I filtered my water-bottle full, against the day's march; the contents still remained the color of mud and had a loathsome, slimy taste. What of stench the canal did not yield came from the unburied bodies of horses and Egyptians that lay around the bivouac.

While the army lay camped at Kassas-



rode up and ordered the offender to be bayoneted, but the regimental surgeon interposed, and begged leave to chloroform him instead. This was granted—the man was drugged into insensibility and left lying on the sand.

After marching at a funeral pace for about two hours a twenty minutes' halt was commanded. As the orders were slowly passed from company to company in a low tone of voice, they did not reach the flanks of the brigade, which continued in motion, retaining the touch until the extremities all but met in front of the centre, so that the brigade in effect formed a great hollow circle. The line had to be laboriously straightened out and re-formed in the pitchy darkness, and in all but silence; and it was a fine proof of discipline that this was accomplished in twenty-five minutes. The advance was resumed about 4.30. The slowness of the pace was very tiring, and but for the necessity of steadily watching the stars, I certainly should have been nodding in sleep as I moved, as many men were doing. Sir Archibald Alison, commanding the brigade, was close to Lieutenant Rawson, and as the night waned and nothing was discerned, he was clearly beginning to fear that something was wrong. "Are you sure, Rawson," he asked in a low tone, "that we are on the right track?" "Yes, sir," said Rawson, "we have the North Star on our right, and"—another whose name I did not catch—"in our front; and soon we ought to be there or thereabouts."

Dawn was just breaking. I could dimly see some objects in front of us looking like a lot of kangaroos hopping backwards and forwards—they were Egyptian cavalry, we afterwards learned. I nudged my companion, and Rawson whispered, "We are not far off now!" Suddenly a shout was heard, then two shots were fired from opposite our left front, and a man of F company fell dead. No notice was taken of this, and the brigade marched on silently, every man now on the alert. All at once a whole sheet of musketry fire flashed out, lighting up the scene far to right and left. Above the crackle of the rifle-fire sounded loud the roar of artillery. Regardless of these portents, our regiments marched steadily and silently on. The order to "Fix bayonets!" was given; when it had been obeyed and the men sloped arms, the rattle of the bullets on the bayonets was like the sound of hail-stones striking against glass. Some men, but not many, fell wounded.

The 79th had marched quite one hundred yards with their rifles at the slope when the command "Prepare to charge!" was given. Down came the rifles of the front rank of the unbroken line, the "Charge!" sounded, and as the last note of the bugle died away, a tremendous cheer was raised, the pipers struck up the slogan, and with our gallant colonel in front shouting "Come on the Camerons!" the ranks broke into double time, and still cheering with all their power, swept forward on the enemy's position. One of the pipers, just as he began to play, had his bagpipes pierced by a bullet, and most discordant sounds escaped from the wounded instrument. "Gude faith," cried the piper philosophically, "but the bullet's a deevilitch sicht better through her wame than through mine!"

Shoulder to shoulder on we rushed for quite two hundred yards under a shower of bullets, which fortunately were aimed too high and therefore wrought little harm. Suddenly our charge was checked by the first trench, twelve feet deep and the same in width. Many fell into it headlong, and others dropped on the brink under the fire of the enemy on the top of the further bank. The first man up among them was a brave young soldier, Donald Cameron by name, who had rushed to the front, determined to show the way. I saw him fighting desperately hand to hand against a throng of Egyptians, till a bullet through the head finished him and he tumbled back stone dead into the trench. It was full of Highlanders trying to clamber up the steep further face, and slipping back again, for there was no foothold. I tried in vain three times, and at last, calling to a comrade, "For God's sake, Finlay, give me a leg up!" I succeeded in mounting. Once on the summit, such was my state of excitement, I was for the moment bewildered, and scarcely knew what to do—the enemy swarmed around us like bees, all in white with red fezzes, some brown-faced, some black-faced, and all showing their infernal white teeth. I plunged my bayonet into one of them; the man falling towards me, his weight toppled him and me back into the trench, and we fell together on top of one of my comrades; but I was soon again on the further bank, assisted up by four of my mates, and then took part in the charge of the regiment onward towards the second trench.

Cheering vigorously, and clearing our way with the bayonet, we were soon up to and across that obstacle. Just as I got on my feet after clambering out of the trench,

I was felled by a blow across the legs from the clubbed rifle of an Egyptian, and as I fell saw the cold steel coming at me; but my comrades saved me, and in a moment I was up again, too-excited to feel any pain. Suddenly there were shouts of "Retire! retire!" — the words ran along the ragged front, causing an immediate and general check, and indeed a retirement on the part of many who thought they were obeying a command. Fortunately a staff officer in the nick of time galloped forward shouting, "No retirement, men! Come on! come on!" There was a general rally, and then forward we went again.

Those cries of "Retire," had been treacherously raised by a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen," who had somehow evaded the precautions that were in force since the days of Fenianism to prevent the enlistment of disloyal characters. They had been proved cowards or something worse on two occasions when the regiment was before Kafr Dowar; and in virtue of instructions coming through the captain, the non-commissioned officers of the company appointed a sergeant and a corporal to watch the conduct of these two men in the battle. They were charged to use their own discretion, and if that step became necessary to put them summarily to death. When the treacherous dogs raised their shout of "Retire," the non-commissioned officers appointed to watch them promptly did their duty. I saw Sergeant — kill one of them with a thrust of his sword-bayonet; and also saw Corporal — fire at the other, who fell dead, but whether he was killed by the corporal's bullet or by one from the enemy I cannot undertake to say. The regiment was unanimous that both richly deserved to die, in which conviction every honest soldier will concur.

By this time it was clear daylight, and it was now apparent that in the semi-darkness, the scramble at the trenches, and the hand-to-hand fighting, the brigade had fallen into confusion, and that in the charging and struggling whirl the four regiments had got all mixed up and intermingled. There was a short halt in order to re-form, and, this roughly and hastily effected, the brigade swept down towards Tel-el-Kebir lock, driving all opposition before it. Just before this halt I received another "butt-ender," which smashed my water-bottle to pieces and knocked me down, but I was immediately dragged up on to my legs again by my fighting chum, who exclaiming, "Steel for leather! take

that, you —!" sent his bayonet into the Egyptian who had felled me. The regiment when re-forming had suffered from a cross fire coming from the trenches on either flank, to silence which skirmishers were thrown out to the left. They speedily cleared the trench and drove the enemy along it through a cross trench into trenches further to the left and rear. The detachment attacking the former came on a gun, the gunners belonging to which stood their ground and fought to the last man; they were killed, the gun was taken, and then brought into action against its owners.

As the regiment was pursuing its advance, I had the misfortune to be detached by an order from the sergeant-major to take charge of a prisoner, a man over six feet high and as black as a coal. He was sullen and would not move; I tried to stir him with a hint from the butt end of my rifle, on which he bolted, and I had to stop his flight with a bullet. Setting out to follow the regiment I came suddenly face to face with a big Egyptian officer, revolver in one hand, sword in the other. He fired and hit me on the right hand, but the bullet glanced off a ring I wore, and I rushed at him with the bayonet. He warded off my first thrust and my second; I then feinted, he swung his sword round for the parry and had not time to recover it before the bayonet was in him. A pull on a blue seal hanging from his tunic brought to light a silver watch, which I still keep as a remembrance of him.

When I reached the crest of the hill overlooking Tel-el-Kebir lock, there lay below me the many hundred tents of the Egyptian camp, and I could see the enemy swimming the canal, and running like deer across the desert in thousands. The Second Brigade was hurrying forward, as also the Scottish division of the Royal Artillery at a gallop; when the gunners passed the Highland Brigade, such a cheer went up as they shouted, "Scotland forever!" Halting, they unlimbered, loaded, fired a round or two with great effect, and then, as it seemed in a few seconds, they were off again at a tearing gallop. One of their shells fell into a magazine, and the noise of the explosion was loud enough to wake the dead. Another struck and disabled the engine of a train pulling out from the railway station. It could not proceed, but another made shift to start, and although a shell struck and shattered the hindmost carriage, it held on and got away. A steady rattle of musketry indicated the

route of the Indian contingent advancing south of the canal; and soon after the Highland Brigade had reached Tel-el-Kebir lock, Sir Garnet galloped up with Sir Archibald Alison, called out to us, "The battle is won, men!" and sent the 42nd to clear the village. Just as we were cheering the general, the cavalry came galloping forward to take up the pursuit, and shouting with many oaths, "You — jocks haven't left us the chance of a fight!" shot past in a whirl of dust above which flashed lanceheads and waving swords.

The men had been suffering so fearfully from thirst before they reached the canal, that I saw some of them drinking the blood that ran out of wounded camels. When we had drunk our fill of canal water the "Assembly" was sounded and the roll was called, when many a poor fellow had to be marked as "absent." Men told each other of their adventures, narrated their escapes, and had time now to examine their bare legs, from which much skin had been lost in falling into and clambering out of the trenches. The most remarkable escape I remember was that of a color-sergeant who was looking at the enemy through a binocular when a bullet came along, shattered the glass and then dropped spent into his mouth, from which he spat it with the loss only of a couple of teeth. Some of us were detailed to search the Egyptian camp to make sure that none of the enemy remained lurking in it. A guard was set on Arabi's tent, through which I had passed in the advance, and had snatched a cutlet from the table, little wotting to whom tent and food had belonged. I had the luck to chance on a small shed full of melons, nuts, bottles of eau de Cologne, tins of Turkish tobacco, and boxes of cigarettes. I filled my water-bottle with eau de Cologne, my haversack with cigarettes, and with a tin of tobacco and a bottle of eau de Cologne in my hand went in search of my captain. He was not to be found in the tent of which the officers had taken possession, and I handed the eau de Cologne bottle to a major, an Irishman, who swallowed the contents neat at a gulp, and then exclaimed, "Holy Jasus, isn't that good stuff!" to the great amusement of the other officers. Presently I met my captain, to whom I gave the cigarettes, and showed him where he could get all he wanted of lemons, tobacco, and eau de Cologne; he gave me a sovereign for my trouble.

Volunteers were now called for to go

and assist the wounded. I made one of the party, and started well equipped with pipe in mouth, a haversack full of cigarettes, a water-bottle full of eau de Cologne, and plenty of water. The sights of the battle-field were gruesome, now one looked at them in cold blood. The artillery had wrought fearful havoc. I remember one heap of twenty-four corpses, some blown absolutely into fragments, others headless, others with limbs lopped off. Some of the dead Egyptians were roasting slowly as they lay; their clothing had been ignited and was still smouldering. A man of the Rifles came along, drew his pipe from his pocket, and lit it at one of those bodies, remarking, somewhat brutally it struck me: "By — I never thought I should live to use a dead Egyptian for a light to my pipe!" In the outer trench our dead and wounded lay more thickly than those of the enemy, but in the inner trenches and on the spaces between, for one man of ours there were certainly ten Egyptians. In the doubts, the black gunners lay dead or wounded almost to a man, for they had been fastened to the guns and to each other by small chains attached to ankle-fetters, so as to leave them free to work the guns, but hindering them from running away. Among them poor Lieutenant Rawson lay mortally wounded; it seemed bitter hard after his fine service in guiding the army, that he who had contributed so much to the victory should lie dying in the hour of triumph. When Sir Archibald Alison was told of his being wounded, he at once went to see him. "Didn't I lead them straight, sir?" were the dying man's last faint words — faithful unto duty even to the end.

The first wounded man I attended to was an Egyptian whose moans were piteous, and on examination I found him severely wounded in the belly. I poured some eau de Cologne down his throat, and used my own surgical bandage to bind up his wound so as to keep the flies from it. Then I lit a cigarette, put it in his mouth, placed more beside him, and gave him a drink of water. He kissed my hand, and muttered something about "Allah." I had not left him far, when I heard the crack of a rifle and a bullet whizzed by my ear. Looking round I saw the smoke of the shot drifting away from where my wounded man lay, and noticed that he was quietly taking aim at me again. He had time to fire a second shot, which also missed me, before I reached him, and I had no compunction in driving the life out of him with my bayonet, remarking to



myself as I took the weapon out of him for the last time, "You won't come that game any more, you ungrateful brute!" Many such instances of this treacherous hate occurred. I myself had to wipe out four more wounded Egyptians whom I caught in the act of firing at our men after they had passed. To run the bayonet into a man who is down, one feels to be hardly the thing, and it was done reluctantly, but in such cases as I have described it was a clear act of compulsory duty.

Great droves of prisoners had been brought in, seemingly surprised and well pleased at being taken alive instead of being massacred. Most of them were chewing dates, and they jabbered with extraordinary rapidity, in a language quite unknown to any of us. Over the mass was placed a strong guard, and then burial parties were organized from among them, furnished with shovels, and marched under escort to the duty assigned them—the interment of their own dead. There was neither decency nor humanity in their method. Dead and seeming dead were huddled anyhow into the trenches and then the sand was shovelled over them. One could see limbs still moving and hands feebly raised in the effort to ward off the indiscriminate entombment, but the callous gravediggers took no notice of those dumb, pathetic remonstrances. The smell from the bodies was already overpowering, which some accounted for by the habit on the part of the Egyptian of drinking quantities of oil.

Having attended to several of the wounded, I began to wander back in the direction of Tel-el-Kebir. Stray bullets, coming one knew not from where, were still flying about. I felt a sudden stinging in the right shoulder which caused me to drop my rifle, but I picked it up and went on although the pain of the shoulder was great. Presently I felt something trickling down my arm, which to my amazement was blood. I then realized that I had sustained a bullet wound. There were surgeons close by, to whom I went and had a hasty dressing applied to the wound, which I was told was only a flesh injury, and would not give me much trouble. Feeling faint, however, I accepted the offer of a ride from a sailor who was mounted on a camel, and offered to take me to my regiment. Camel-back I found rougher than aboard-ship in a high sea. Then Jack and the animal did not seem to understand each other, the camel resenting Jack's attempts to steer it by hitting

it on the head with a stick, Jack denouncing the beast in nautical language, and informing me that "the — would not answer the helm." Although in pain, I laughed so heartily that I fell off the camel, and for a time lay where I had fallen, all but insensible. Pulling myself together, I set out to walk and soon came across Sergeant Donald Gunn, of my regiment, lying dangerously wounded by a bullet in the lung. He could not walk and I could not carry him, but when I reached the regiment I reported his whereabouts as nearly as I could describe. He afterwards told me, however, that he lay all day and the following night before being carried off the field, and he told me also that as night closed in it was surprising what a number of apparently dead Egyptians rose all over the field, and ran away apparently quite undamaged. The recovery of Gunn, who after having been wounded fought on and did great execution before he fell from sheer loss of blood, was long extremely doubtful; but he is now alive with the Distinguished Conduct medal on his breast, and holding the honorable position of one of her Majesty's gate-keepers. Soon after leaving Gunn, I was lucky enough to find a horse tied to a stake; mounting the beast, I rode him into camp, and later in the day sold him to an officer for 5*l*. I now had my wounded shoulder properly dressed, and was glad to know that I need not go into hospital because of it. My comrades had gone out foraging and came in laden with poultry, which were promptly plucked and consigned to the camp-kettles; we were all sharp set, for we had eaten nothing but biscuit since leaving Kassassin. My contribution to the fare was not very successful. When in the Egyptian camp, I came across some little tin boxes labelled with a word which I hurriedly read as "potage." Some of the tins I brought in, and promising my comrades a treat, I had a kettleful of water boiled, and emptied into it the contents of the tins. After a good stirring the supposed soup was served out. The first comment was that it was curiously black. When it was cool enough to be tasted, the wry faces made over it were a caution, and there was a roar of "Black-ing, by —!" Blacking it was; the label which I had read "potage" was actually "cirage."

The total casualties of the British army engaged at Tel-el-Kebir amounted to 339, of which 243 occurred in the Highland Brigade, leaving 96 to represent the losses of the rest of the force. The 79th was

the first regiment across the outer entrenchment, because it fixed bayonets on the march, whereas the other regiments of the brigade halted to do this; but the advantage in time was only that of a few seconds. The defenders of Tel-el-Kebir cannot be said to have been taken by surprise, although no doubt they had little idea we were so close as we were when our approach was detected. They slept in the fighting positions, and were alert on the first alarm. We were under their fire for three hundred yards, and a very heavy fire it was; but that nine-tenths of it was aimed too high—if indeed it was aimed at all—it must have wrought great havoc in our ranks.

ARTHUR V. PALMER.  
(*Late Sergeant, 79th Highlanders.*)

From The Spectator.

#### WHAT IS IMPARTIALITY?

NOTHING is more remarkable than the chorus of unanimity with which each party to the Irish controversy is expressing its satisfaction with the report of the special commission, and attributing to the other party labored efforts to mislead the public as to the real effect of the finding of the commission. So far as we can judge, both parties are speaking with something like honesty,—something at least as near to honesty as we can expect in a state of angry party feeling amongst “such beings as we are, in such a world as the present,”—and both are evidently relieved to find the judges’ report so satisfactory to their own side, and so little satisfactory (in their opinion) to the other side. We are disposed to explain this by assuming that, while the Parnellites had feared that a great deal more incriminating matter would come out than does come out, the Unionists had feared that a great deal less evidence of the dangerous character of the Parnellite policy would come out than does come out. The prepossession which makes the report a relief to both sides alike was a prepossession of fear. The Parnellites knew that the evidence was discrediting enough to all who took the law for their standard, but feared that it might prove worse than it actually was. The Unionists knew that the League had taken a considerable amount of precaution against being identified with the crime to which their action gave rise, but feared that they might have taken more effectual precautions than they actually had taken.

The result will be that the judges will get fair credit for their impartiality from both sides, and no doubt they will deserve it. But what does impartiality mean? Does it mean the eradication of all prepossession? On the contrary, we should say that there is no impartiality worth the name that does not deliberately admit, and use freely, opposite and mutually exclusive prepossessions in the interpretation of evidence. We do not feel the least doubt that Sir James Hannen admitted freely into his own mind both the prepossessions of the *Times* and the prepossessions of Mr. Davitt in interpreting the evidence which came before him. In judging that evidence, he interpreted the panic inspired in the minds of those who resisted the League as the *Times* interpreted it; and he interpreted the threats uttered by those who obeyed the League as Mr. Davitt interpreted them; nor could he have understood either the extent of the real tyranny exerted, or the limitations to which it was subject, and the excuses offered for it, without looking at all these matters in this double light. True impartiality does not imply a determination not to enter into any one-sided view, but the determination to enter into *all* the one-sided views, and try how each alike answers as the key which will unlock the facts of the case. True impartiality results from the ability to take all the parts in succession, not from the inability to take any. Indeed, it often happens that the facts of any difficult case can hardly be so much as apprehended at all, without taking provisionally and for the moment the attitude of those who by their voluntary efforts brought those facts into existence. When we call Freeman an impartial and Froude a partial historian, what we mean is, *not* that Freeman kept his mind outside the various partisan views of the history he studied, while Froude identified himself capriciously with some one of those views, but that Freeman entered equally into and appreciated all the different attitudes of purpose he discussed and estimated, while Froude made no effort at all to throw himself into all alike, but selected, sometimes almost at random, the hero whom it pleased him to exalt or to run down. Or, again, as regards a literary question, compare Coleridge’s impartiality in estimating Wordsworth’s strength and weakness alike, in the “*Biographia Literaria*,” with Lord Jeffrey’s one-sided attempt to run Wordsworth down, and we shall see at once that on any single issue true impartiality does not

consist in taking neither side, but in taking both, and then carefully comparing the relative weight attaching to each.

Or take, as another illustration of what impartiality should and should not mean, the statement which Mr. Wilfrid Ward makes in the very interesting final chapter which he has more or less gravely modified in the second edition of the life of his father, William George Ward, on the theological upshot of the Anglican movement. Theory, says Mr. Wilfrid Ward, led Newman and Ward up to this point, "that a certain moral disposition was needed to receive in their fullness and to appreciate justly the tokens of supernatural truth which God has allowed, to mankind. Every one appreciates such tokens in one moral disposition or another. The charge of prejudice can be brought *prima facie* just as much against the secular spirit as against the religious; while closer consideration shows that the crucial testimonies which religion appeals to, cannot even be apprehended without a temper of mind which is in harmony with them." Is this not equivalent to saying that it is quite possible for a man to treat the difficulties of the sceptic impartially who has nevertheless prejudged the question whether those difficulties are insuperable, and has made up his mind that they are not? Surely it is. As well might you say that no man can treat the difficulties of a mathematical problem impartially who knows that the problem has actually been solved, as that it is impossible for one who is not a sceptic, but a believer, to do full justice to the sceptic's attitude? Impartiality no more means clearing your mind of all prepossessions against a particular conclusion than it means clearing your mind of all memories which tend to shake that conclusion, many of which, indeed, as William George Ward used to press upon his sceptical friends, involve prepossessions of the most serious kind. The present writer once knew a lad who had the notion that he ought to treat Euclid's axioms impartially, and he would profess to regard it as a highly disputable point whether things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. But the only result was, of course, that so far as he acted on his own theory, he was quite as incompetent to be a reasonable sceptic of geometrical doctrine as to be a reasonable believer in it. He had no more reason to dispute than he had to accept any doctrine, for he had no premiss at all on which to take his stand. If things which were equal to the same thing were not necessarily equal to one another, they were cer-

tainly not necessarily unequal to one another. Equality and inequality had no meaning. You simply had nothing to say about relative magnitude at all, and were at a final standstill. So Mr. W. G. Ward, too, used to insist that if men did not trust their own memories when their memories made absolute affirmation that (suppose) they had been cold or warm the instant before, they certainly could not talk of learning by experience, since experience depends absolutely on trustworthy memory, and cannot be stored without it. No enterprise can be more hopeless than to clear the mind of all prepossessions. It really means clearing the mind of itself. A strong mind is, in fact, a bundle of most effectual and useful and necessary prepossessions, and unless you are prepared to use the most dominant and persistent of these, and use them vigorously, you cannot, properly speaking, have a mind, much less a vigorous mind, at all. All science is built up on the right prepossessions, and aims at the acquisition of the right prepossessions by vigorously using and trusting those with which we were originally furnished, for the purpose of clearing away those which we have allowed to grow up in us without their being either of the essence of our faculties, or properly acquired by the legitimate use of those faculties. Impartiality cannot exist without trusting implicitly to all the fundamental prepossessions with which the mind is furnished, and then using freely and experimentally the various prepossessions which experience suggests to us, — though without relying on the latter till we have carefully satisfied ourselves that they really fit the facts, and that none others which we were able to construct would equally well fit the facts. The true distinction between prepossessions and prejudices seems to be that prejudices are prepossessions which are too confidently held before they have been thoroughly tested and found indispensable, — in other words, one-sided views which, however useful as provisional explanations of facts, have not been shown to constitute a sound and adequate explanation of them, and which should not therefore be treated as we are all of us too ready to treat them, as if they were sound and adequate, though they may turn out to be either radically unsound, or, though sound up to a certain point, perfectly inadequate beyond that point. Religion is just one of those subjects into which you cannot even inquire without forming a distinct judgment as to what, if any, are the assumptions ingrained in the very constitution of the human con-

science. If you try to ignore the fact that there are such assumptions ingrained in the conscience, you will constantly trip yourself up, and find yourself out in self-contradictions, or slipping in unconsciously in one sentence what you have refused to admit in another. But if you recognize frankly what those religious assumptions are, and act upon them just as you do on the assumptions which the mind is compelled to make with respect to number and magnitude, then you find yourself provided with the foundation at least of a genuine religion in which there is no more, and perhaps even less, danger of being self-deceived, than there is of being self-deceived in building up the structure of science on assumptions probably even less certain. Impartiality, far from being the attitude of mind in which you ignore all prepossessions, is the attitude of mind in which you sift all your prepossessions strictly by comparing them with the appropriate facts, and dismiss only those which you find inconsistent with these facts.

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From *The Academy*.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

NOT only a wide circle of friends, but all careful readers of contemporary literature, will have felt a pang of sorrow at hearing of the death of Mrs. Pfeiffer. She and her husband were bound together by no common tie. He died in January of last year; and now she has followed him to the grave within a twelvemonth, and the once cheerful house on the slopes of Putney Hill is left desolate.

Prominent attention has recently been drawn to the fact that, among the poets of the Victorian era, women hold a conspicuous place. Foremost of all, of course, stands Mrs. Barrett Browning; and the popular suffrage, in America as well as in England, has put Miss Christina Rossetti and Miss Jean Ingelow in a second class by themselves. All three of these are emphatically feminine poets, who attained their highest inspiration when writing as women and about women. To compare their work with that of men otherwise their equals would be absurd. But when we pass to the next class of those who are ungraciously styled "minor poets" it is impossible not to be struck by the reflection that the women hold their own — and more than their own — against the men. This is not the place to mention other names, which will readily occur to the mind. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Pfeiffer's

poetry, whether we consider its quantity or its quality, will contrast favorably with the poetry of any living men, except the first half-dozen. As with the poetesses already mentioned, her Muse was frequently inspired by sympathy for the sufferings of her sisters. But she is probably best known as a sonneteer. For this artificial form of verse — of which the present generation has had a surfeit — she possessed the qualifications of a refined imagination and considerable metrical faculty. Her sensitive and cultured mind was also open to receive the impulses of thought and feeling which are most characteristic of our self-conscious age. Above all, the modern conception of nature, not as a kind nurse but as a relentless taskmaster, influenced her somewhat in the same manner that it influenced George Eliot. It was this aspect of her poetry that specially attracted the admiration of such a keen critic as the late rector of Lincoln.

Considering that Mrs. Pfeiffer never enjoyed good health, and also that she took an active part in all movements for the social and economical regeneration of her sex, the total amount of her published work is remarkable. Her earliest book, we believe, was "*Kahmera: a Midsummer Night's Dream*," published nearly thirty years ago; but this we have not seen. Her first volume of poems took its name from "*Gerard's Monument*" (1873). This was followed by another, called simply "*Poems*" (1876), which included several sonnets. Then came "*Glan-Alarch*" (1877); "*Quarterman's Grace*" (1879); "*Under the Aspens*" (1882); and "*The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock*" (1884). Most of these passed through more than one edition, though they were never issued in a uniform series, such as she and her husband had contemplated. The sonnets alone were collected into a pretty volume bearing that title (1887), which comprises most of her work that will live. Only last year, after her husband's death, she published another volume of verse, "*Flowers of the Night*," which hardly maintained her reputation; and at the very last she was actively engaged in preparing a drama for stage representation. To complete this record of her books, it should be mentioned that she wrote a pleasant account of her journeys in Greece and North America, under the title of "*Flying Leaves from East and West*" (1885); and also an essay on a subject that was very dear to her — "*Woman and Work*" (1888).

